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F R O M T H E G E R M A N

O F

Mr. GESSNER of ZURICH,
in SWITZERLAND.

A N E W T R A N S L A T I O N.



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T H E

Translator's Preface.

THE following book is written by Mr. GESSNER of ZURICH, in SWITZERLAND, and has been so well received by the public, that it passed thro' three editions in one year in the original GERMAN tongue; and it hath also passed through sixteen editions in ENGLISH. The subject of it is the murder of ABEL, than which we do not meet with a more surprising history in the holy scriptures.

MR. GESSNER has described this affecting subject with great life and spirit; he has had the art of moving the passions in a very powerful manner, by the graces and ornaments with which he has cloathed his descriptions. This work is a kind of writing which can neither be called prose nor verse, and was first attempted by the celebrated ARCHBI-

SHOP of CAMBRAY, in his admired TELE-
MACHUS.

THE following translation is better suited to the capacity and good taste of the ENGLISH than any that has hitherto appeared, being free from several foreign extravagant flights, which were not altogether suitable to the simplicity and truth of scripture; for this reason, we make no doubt that this edition will sufficiently recommend itself to every unprejudiced reader.

T H E



T H E
P R E F A C E.

I NOW attempt a more lofty theme than I have hitherto ventured upon, as I have a desire to know whether my talents will bear a more arduous task. This curiosity ought to prevail in the breast of every man. If a young writer has been successful in one species of poetry, the public generally discourage him from taking a higher flight, by concluding he has reached the summit of his abilities; as if he could only shew the vigour of his genius one way, in which perhaps he was determined to tread rather by some accidental circumstance, than the natural bent of his mind.

THOUGH he who ventures upon the more sublime regions of poetry, should not meet with due respect from the public, if he has acquitted himself well in his enterprise, the

pleasure of composition would amply reward him. To unlock the stores of imagination, to investigate the springs of actions to their fountain-heads, to paint characters, and through a chain of dark events, gradually to open momentous facts, is an employment that brings a thousand joys. Nature is to him an infinite magazine, whence he culls the most beautiful embellishments for his favourite object. The whole internal man is exalted, and an energy of mind is roused, which would otherwise perhaps have remained idle and unobserved. So then, some dry critics may say, we shall have nothing to read but the epic and the tragic strains. I must inform such as labour under that apprehension, that if these performances give high and various transports to the poet, they likewise afford exquisite pleasure to the reader; however, as few have leisure, or taste for large compositions, many will chuse to address a more sportive mistress than the grave Epic Muse, and I dare say, we shall never be without master-pieces in every kind of poetry. It is by no means my aim to undervalue the light and airy works of imagination; for though I could wish we had more HOMERS, yet I think ÆSOP and ANACREON are entitled to much admiration.

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SOME will be surpris'd, and others displeas'd, that I have chosen a piece of scripture-history for my theme. The latter critics, I will conclude, are somewhat old, and by being entirely absorbed in business and the noble employment of growing rich, have been excluded from the perusal of new books. Such people are very zealous for the honour of their religion, and retain all the aversion against poetry that was instilled into them in their youth, having had accounts of that divine art from instructors, who, with a very few exceptions, were not worthy of one's acquaintance, but contempt. When these good people were young, a poet was thought, even by GERMANS of sense, only a queer fellow, a kind of jester. But I have nothing to say to those who, in reading their Bible, have so little relish for its beauties, as to think this undertaking criminal. They must be totally void of taste; and to attempt to rectify their errors by reason, would be as absurd as to hold a lanthorn before the blind. I would speak at present to the thinking beings, and I beg they would observe, that the performances which brought contempt upon poets were written in a period when poetry was at a very low pitch, much enervated and corrupted. It has always been in the train

of religion, and is of great service to it, being the most forcible means of conveying sentiments of virtue and piety. It enlarges the understanding in the heart, and excites us to worthy and laudable deeds; but that these wholesome purposes may be effected, even when it assumes a light and playful tone, its wit must be chosen, and restrained, and raise a contempt for obscenity and profaneness. Licentious poetry I despise and abhor.

If genius is governed by prudence, virtue, and good breeding, poetry may select its topics, from the inspired writers. The truths of religion are very proper subjects for the exercise of superior talents. We give our assent to the sacred history as Christians: as Christians we are all alike interested in its important facts. If a poet has the art of embellishing the characters he draws from the Bible with the probable and delightful; and if he can place them in a light that yields instruction, he may convey in the pleasantest and strongest manner, the advantageous influences of revelation into the hearts of all degrees of men; and they will be read by people of every class with pleasure. If a person who has not talents equal to the undertaking makes this attempt, such compositions,

tions, I grant, rather injure than profit: but this may be said of every ill-written book.

ALL nations have taken this liberty with sacred story; and at the time of the reformation, the dramatic performances taken from scripture gave offence to none of our country. Representations of them were publicly permitted, though their chief merit was that the authors meant well, for the poetry was very coarse and indigested.

BUT perhaps a new critic starts up and cries, At this rate, the Bible will be a mere system of fables. But pray, Sir, has not profane history undergone this fate? Ancient history was the foundation on which HOMER and VIRGIL built their poems; but who ever thought of reconciling their works and this history? Who ever, in perusing the Iliad and Odyssey, fancied them to be histories, or viewed them in any other light than that of mere poems?

BUT I have still to address myself to another set of people; I mean the exquisitely polished world, who can have no taste for your sanctified heroes, such as are serious and pious, unskilled in wit and repartee. Characters which are taken from those, and exhibited to public view in the days of refinement, cut a strange figure in the eyes of

gentlemen. Such GOTHIC manners! such rustic language! The heroes I have chosen will appear as ridiculous to them as HOMER's did to the FRENCH, who were extremely offended that they were not educated in PARIS. To these dupes of mode I will whisper my intention, I will whisper a secret, That as I am young myself, and fond of praise like them, I shall venture, that I may obtain their verdict, which is of mighty consequence in my scheme of happiness, to dress up my subject in quite a different form. I will bring an intrigue upon the carpet; for what is an epic poem without an amorous adventure? ABEL shall be a languishing fine Gentleman, CAIN a boisterous RUSSIAN Captain, and ADAM shall not speak a single word unsuitable to an old battered FRENCH Beau.

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B O O K I.


 Y soft pipe shall henceforth be silent; no more will I render it vocal, nor sing the artless manners of the swain. I would fain attempt a nobler strain, and rehearse in sounding numbers the fortune of our first parents, after their dreadful fall. I would fain recount his praise who fell a victim to the fury of his brother, and first mingled his dust with his mother earth. Come, thou divine Enthusiast, that expandest the mind of the enraptured

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tured poet, who, during the still hours of night, exerts the powers of contemplation in the shady grove, or by the brink of a transparent fountain, embellished with the silver light of the moon; when hurried by a divine warmth, imagination darts forth, and with adventurous wing traversing the whole region of creation, forms a new world of its own, comprehending in its unlimited power the sublime that astonishes, and the beautiful that charms. She returns from her flight to regulate, and to build her various materials. Informed by judgment to chuse and to refuse, with a prudent disposal, she rejects every idea that tends not to constitute propriety. Inchanting task! Meritorious perseverance! I honour the poet, who, to raise virtuous sentiments in the tender heart, watches the nocturnal note of the grasshopper, till the morning-star adorns the hemisphere. The remotest ages will offer laurels at the grave of the poet, who dedicated his talents to such works as inspired sentiments the most elevated, and the most refined: his name shall never be forgotten; immortality shall attend his reputation, while the spoils of proud conquerors shall moulder and vanish, and the sepulchre of the haughty tyrants shall stand unheeded in the midst of a desert, untrodden

den by the foot of man. Few, it is true, who attempt these noble themes, are endow'd with an exquisite poetical genius, but the effort is intitled to praise; and let it employ all my vacant moments, all my unfrequented walks.

THE serene hours had just given Aurora her rosy blush, and driven off the dank vapours of the night that had lodged over the dark earth, while the orient sun shooting his first rays behind the shady cedars of the mountains, tinged with glowing purple the half-illumin'd clouds; when Abel, and Thirza, the partner of his bed, forsook their leafy couch, and repaired to a neighbouring arbour, compos'd of jessamine and roses. The most ardent love, and the most unsullied virtue shone with gentlest beams in the lively blue eyes of Thirza, and heightened the graces of her blushing cheek, while her flaxen locks, waving in a gentle disorder on her snowy neck, and reaching down her back, improved the natural beauty of her delicate form. Thus she walked by the side of Abel, whose large forehead was shaded with ringlets of pale brown, which terminated on his shoulders. A serious and contemplative air was agreeably mixed in his placid aspect, and he moved with the dignity of an angel, who
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bearing the commission of the Most High, becomes visible to the inspired saint in a human form; but the terrestrial shape he assumes is so gracefully and so majestically constructed, that through it you cannot but discern the angel. Thirza, with an affectionate look, and melting smile cried, My love, the birds have now forsaken their nests, and have begun their morning-song, let me hear the ode you sung yesterday in those blooming pastures, and let me too join in the ravishing employment of giving praise to God. The harmony of thy lips breathe into my heart a sacred rapture; and nothing can give me more delight than to hear thee express, in proper terms, my ideas, too swelling for my simple utterance. Abel cordially embraced her, and replied, My amiable Thirza, this instant will I grant what thou desirest. No sooner do I see the language of thine eyes, than with all the ardour of a lover, I endeavour to compleat their requests. They then sat down in the bower, which was cheared by the rising sun, and thus began Abel:

POWERFUL sleep, depart from every eye. Fly off, ye busy dreams; reason recovers her exertion; again she enlightens the mind, as the morning-sun dispels darkness from the earth. All hail, thou glorious sun! From behind the
cedars

cedars I see thy beams; thy kind rays give light and colour to reviving nature. Creation owes to thee, not indeed its existence, but all its glory.

FLY, sleep, from every eye. Retire, ye hovering dreams, to infernal darkness. Where are now the gloomy nocturnal shades? They have fled to the depths of the caves; we shall enjoy them in the groves; they will defend us there from the sultry noon tide heat. Behold the eagle is already roused; he perches on the tops of the rocks, and on the majestic slope of the mountains, where the exhalations ascend, and mingle with the fresh air of the morning, as the smoke of an offering streams up from the altar. Nature thus rejoices in the returning light, and pays to the God of Nature the tribute of grateful praise. Let all existence praise him; praise him whose wisdom and whose bounty has bestowed universal production and preservation. Ye beauteous flowers, pour forth your sweets to his praise. Ye feathered songsters of the grove, let your music be dedicated to him who gave you voice and harmony; while the stately lion honours him with his tremendous mouth, and the hollow rocks resound his praise. O my soul, praise God, who created thee, and preserves thee. Let the human voice, O Lord, reach thy throne,
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in preference to that of thy other creatures; in the dusky twilight, in the dawn of morning, while birds and beasts are yet in the fetters of sleep, may my solitary song be accepted, and excite the creation, glorying in fresh light, to praise thee, the Creator and Preserver. What magnificence is there in thy works, O God! What striking marks there are of thy wisdom and thy goodness! Wherever I turn my eyes, I read thy bounty in eminent characters; every sense is ravished, and conveys the beauty of thy workmanship to my transported mind. O God! my fancy is weak and impotent, yet I would fain attempt thy praise. What induced thee, thou self-existent, thou Eternal Being, to form man out of the clay, and to breathe into his nostrils the breath of life? Thy goodness prompted thee. Thou gavest him existence, that he might enjoy happiness. Thou smiling morning! thou dost present to me a lively image of my Creator's work. When the sun dissipates the early vapours, and banishes night from this globe, nature has a new kind of birth. The Almighty gave command; darkness fled, and silence listened to his voice: at his order myriads of living creatures sprang from out the pregnant earth, exulted in the air with various plumes, and astonished the
woods

woods with their vocal encomiums on their beneficent Creator. Earth again hears the voice of her omnipotent Maker: the clods heave in numberless shapes, and burst into animal life and motion. The new-formed steed paws the flowery turf, neighs and shakes his mane; while the vigorous lion, impatient to rid himself of the cumbrous earth, in broken essay, attempts to roar. A hill swells with life, it moves; it breaks, and from it stalks the huge elephant. These are thy works, thou Almighty Father! Every morning thou callest thy creatures from sleep, the emblem of non-existence; they awake and find thy bounties around them, and unanimously join in a chorus to thy praise. Methinks I see the time when every corner of the populous earth shall resound with thy praises; when every hill shall be honoured with thine altars, and thy wondrous works shall be the subject of the human tongue, from where the sun rises in the east, to where it sets in the western ocean.

THIS was the song of Abel, seated by the side of his Thirza. He concluded; yet she, warmed with a celestial transport, seemed still to give her attention. At length embracing him in her snowy arms, while tenderness beamed forth from her eyes, she said, O my love!

love! the harmony of thy lips exalts my soul to God. Thy tender care not only defends my feeble body, but even directs my soul to take her flight: thou art her governour amidst the obscurity of doubt and uncertainty; thy wisdom dispels the clouds, and by thy influence instead of astonishment I feel inspiration. Warmed with gratitude, how often have I given thanks to the Most High God of Heaven, for having given thee to me and me to thee! O my love! we are perfectly unanimous, we were formed for the felicity of each other. Female tenderness, while she spoke, adorned every word and every attitude with unspeakable graces. Abel was silent; but his melting look, while he grasped her to his bosom, and the tears swelling in his eye, spoke inexpressible love. Such was the happiness of man, so unmixed were his delights. The fertile earth by her bounties refreshed and invigorated him for action. He only aimed at necessaries, he only begged of heaven integrity and health. Sensuality and anxiety had not yet cursed him with insatiable desires, which are productive of wants, and instead of rational happiness only load us with magnificent misery. The connubial tie was then knit by a union of heart. No dread of griping poverty, or
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the frown of an imperious parent; no sordid ambition; no wants of land or gold, then prevented the virgin from sinking into the fond arms of the man she loved. These unnatural passions thou bestowest upon us, O luxury!

ADAM and Eve entered the bower, when Abel and Thirza were still sitting. They had heard with rapture the hymn of Abel, and had listened to Thirza while she vented her ingenuous transports. They tenderly embraced their children, while their hearts were dilated with parental affection, and a lively delight glistened on their cheeks.

MAHALA, the wife of Cain, had followed her mother, and had been witness to the joy of her brother and sister. Her spotless mind was untainted with envy, baleful passion! yet her countenance was sunk with dejection, a mild languor deprest her eyes, grief had deprived her cheek, now pale, of its once lively bloom: She had heard Thirza express her thanks to heaven, that she had been created for Abel, and he for her. Their exchanges of love forced tears from her eyes, her agonizing bosom heaved with sighs, while officious memory made her draw a comparison between the two husbands. However, she soon wiped off the crystal drops, and entered

tered the bower with a placid smile, where, with sincere affection, she paid a salutation to her brother and her sister.

IN the mean time Cain passed the fragrant shade. He had heard the harmony of Abel's voice, and had seen the warm embrace bestowed upon him by his transported father. At that instant envy began to rankle in his heart, he gave a stern look at the bower, and cried, What marks of satisfaction! What fond embraces! I too perhaps might sing as much and as well as he, were I to lounge idly in the shade all the day long, and only tend my playful flocks cropping the verdant pasture: But singing is not my talent. Hard labour is my province: though I endeavour to tame the stubborn earth on which my father's sin has brought barrenness; yet my painful fatigues are not thus rewarded: were my delicate brother but to labour one day like me, under the scorching dominion of the sun, it would be a disadvantage to his music: it would spoil his melody.—— What, do they embrace again! How I detest this female dalliance! But my hatred is not material if that pretty youth can be but pleased.

CAIN then walked on, hastening his pace. They had heard his soliloquy, and it had contributed much to diminish the happiness of the

the family in the bower. The paleness of Mahala still increased, and melting into tears, she sunk down by Thirza's side, while Eve leaning on her husband, lamented the stubbornness of her first-born. O my dear parents, cried Abel, let me follow my wretched brother, and whatever brotherly love can dictate, I will make use of to win his affection. Every persuasive art will I attempt to make him drop his anger. Before I quit him, he shall promise to love me. I have penetrated into the inmost recesses of my soul, to find out by what means I can gain his affection, and conquer his heart. I have sometimes reviv'd his extinguished love; but alas! it soon died away, and the gloom of sullen sadness returned.

WITH a look full of concern, Adam answered, And I myself, my dear Abel, will repair to your brother. I will employ the voice of reason and paternal affection to resist his obstinacy: he will surely think something due to the privilege and the tenderness of an afflicted father. O Cain, Cain, with what tormenting cares dost thou wring my heart! The irresistible sway of unruly passions hath banished from thy soul every sentiment of gentleness and of virtue. O sin! horrible sin! dreadful is the havock thou makest in the human heart.

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WITH what dismal foresight does my bosom labour, when I look into future time, and behold the desolation thou shalt spread among my miserable posterity! Thus spoke our general father. His reverend brow was contracted with grief. He left the bower, and went in haste to Cain. Cain saw him advancing, and leaving off his labour, thus spoke to him. What means this austerity in my father's aspect? He bestowed his caresses upon my brother with more serenity. Why am I upbraided by thine eyes? Thou wouldst not have perceived reproaches in mine eyes, replied Adam, hadst thou not been conscious of thine own demerit. Yes, Cain! reproach is thy desert, and thy injured father is come to thee under all the pain that can be inflicted by grief.

WITHOUT love, I suppose, answered Cain; that delightful feeling is reserved for Abel.

LOVE burns in my bosom too, interrupted Adam. I call Heaven to witness, I love thee with all the fondness of a parent. Behold my tears, consider the anxieties that perplex me, and her likewise that brought thee forth with sorrow; do not they result from the most ardent love? It is this tender affection, it is this solicitude for thy welfare, that
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throws a darkness over our days. It is this love that makes us break in often upon the silence of the night, with groans. O Cain, Cain! didst thou properly regard us, it would be thy first care to dry up our tears, to drive off that cloud of grief which obscures our life, and fills us with melancholy. If thou still retainest any reverence for that God who knows all things, to whom thy heart is open: if in thy hardened soul thou still retainest the least affection for us thy parents, I conjure thee by that affection, give us back the peace we have lost: restore to us, O my son, the happiness which is quite vanished. Cherish no longer against thy virtuous and tender brother this unrelenting hatred. He longs for thy embraces. Gladly would he satisfy thee, and rid thee of discontent. O Cain! thou art my first-born, intended by Heaven for my first companion, and my first support. All the father glowed in my heart, when I first beheld thine infant eyes opening to the light. Wherefore then is my soul distressed! Why does thy bosom harbour envy because I take pleasure also in thy brother? His pure and sublime piety melted us into tears of joy, and we embraced him in the pious rapture. The angels that watch over us praise every good act; the Omnipotent himself

self looks down from his lofty throne in Heaven, and regards with a smile the ingenuous tribute of a grateful heart. Wouldst thou change the immutable nature of goodness, and of moral beauty? and were it altered, Cain, what abject wretches would we be, before we could desire to resist the noble transport, the tender, the divine sensations, that the sweet enthusiasm of devotion and virtue create in the exalted soul! The human aspect beams not with joy when we are visited with darkness, tempests, and the formidable artillery of Heaven; it is as little pleased with those unruly passions that rend the human heart.

Cain answered with austerity: Must I then only be upbraided by the lips of my father? If my face is not always perhaps brightened with a smile; if tears do not always trickle down my cheeks, am I for this to be deemed a person of a black soul? Born with a more manly heart, I have ever made choice of bolder adventures, and hardy labours. Nature hath imprinted on my forehead a gravity becoming a man. Every trifle cannot call forth my smiles and tears. Can the towering eagle adapt the flight, or the cooing of the fearful dove?

Adam replied with dignity: Thou deludest

ludest thyself: thy bosom nourishes horrid sentiments, that will embitter thy heart, and render thee untractable, if thou dost not suppress them. O Cain! thy brow is not adorned with manly gravity; but it is made horrible by baleful and mean passions. These are visible in thy eyes; thy whole carriage denounces the perturbation of thy mind. Thine inward fullness, my son, throws a cloud over all the objects thou beholdest or considerest. Hence thy continual complaints, thy fretfulness and anger, during the labours of the day: hence thy unfriendly aversion to us: hence the dismal melancholy that preys upon thee. Tell, I conjure thee, tell thy loving father what he can do that will contribute to thine ease. It is his earnest wish that thy days may flow peaceable and serene as the mildness of the morning. For what reason art thou vexed, O Cain? None of the springs of felicity are withheld from thee: genial nature presents before thee all her bounties. The pleasurable, the useful, and the good are thine as well as ours. Why then refusest thou to taste the blessings of Heaven, and complainest of distress? Is it because thou art dissatisfied with the allotment of satisfaction which the divine bounty has thought proper to bestow on fallen

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man? Are not all our blessings the unmerited gift of infinite goodness? Art thou envious at the lot of angels? The angels, I must inform thee, were capable of discontent, and by aspiring to be Gods, lost the fruition of Heaven. Wouldst thou condemn the providence of the Most High towards sinful creatures? While the whole creation join in praising the Creator, shall criminal man, a reptile sprung from earth, presume to lift up his head, and arraign him, whose boundless goodness governs the wide vault of heaven; to whom the remotest ages are present, and who by a providence incapable of mistake, can even produce good for evil? Cheer up, O my son! cast away from thee this discontent and fullness: rack thy thoughts no longer; nor deform with moroseness the natural cheerfulness of thy countenance. Let thy heart embrace every social affection, and enjoy all the innocent pleasures which nature affords thee, in such profusion.

WHY need you give me all these exhortations? cried Cain. Do you think I am ignorant, that were my heart easy I should be delighted with every object around me? But is it in my power to still the rage of the storm, or command a furious torrent to flow
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in a gentle stream? I am the son of woman, and misery is entailed upon me from my birth. On my unfortunate head the Almighty has poured the cup of his execration. Nature is not lavish of her beauties for me, nor am I destined to taste the streams of bliss, which flow so copiously for you.

O MY son, said Adam, whose voice was now almost stifled with agony and tears, the divine curse, it is true, was pronounced on all the sons of woman; but why, why shouldst thou imagine that God has devoted thee to more of his wrath than us the first offenders? No, this neither is, nor can be the case; the fountain of goodness contradicts it. No, my dear son, wretchedness is not thy fate; the bounteous Creator never gave existence to any of his creatures, that by their existence they should be unhappy. I grant man may be made miserable by his own folly. If his reason yields to the force of domineering passions, a stranger to true happiness, he may render his life a dreadful load, and change, what is by nature good and wholesome, into mortal poison. The storm thou canst not quell, nor arrest the rapidity of the flooded river; but thou canst banish the discontent that darkens thy reason. Thou canst make thy soul beam forth

with its light: it is given thee to tame the impetuosity of passion, to subdue the irregularity of desire in its birth. Be this noble conqueror of thyself, O my son, and thy soul will be refined, thy sentiments will be vigorous and illumined; thy melancholy will vanish like the fog before the sun darts his morning-rays. I have known the time, O my son, when tears flowed even down thy cheeks, when joy darted itself through all thy faculties, from the congratulations of conscience; sweet fruit of meritorious actions! I appeal to thyself, Cain, did not happiness then diffuse itself through thy breast? did not thy soul then resemble the cloudless azure of the sky? Restore to thyself, by strenuous endeavours, thy reason, that ray of the Divinity; let her light conduct thy steps, and virtue, her inseparable attendant, will restore to thy heart sincere joy and lasting felicity. Reason first bids thee salute thy brother. With what tenderness, with what transport will he receive thy embrace! with what transport will he return it!

FATHER, answered Cain, when during the ardour of noon I remit my labour, I will embrace him; I cannot now quit the field. I promise thee I will comply with thy injunction, and embrace my brother: but—
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while I draw the vital breath, my steady soul shall never be melted to that female weakness, which renders him so dear to you, and fills your eyes with tears of transport. To such an effeminacy as this we are indebted for the curse pronounced against us, when in the garden of Eden you suffered yourself to be meanly vanquished by a woman.— But what am I saying? Shall I presume to upbraid my father? No, my reverend sire, I venerate thee, and am silent. Cain, having spoken thus, fell again to his labour.

ADAM stood motionless, and lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven. At last, in a distressful tone, he cried, Cain, Cain! I have merited these harsh reproaches: but thou shouldst have been more tender to thy father! Thou shouldst have spared me this cruel accusation, which like a peal of thunder strikes horror into my soul. Alas! my remotest posterity, when plunged in sin, and tortured with the pangs of guilt, which are inseparable from it, will thus curse the memory of their progenitor, who first brought sin into the world.

AFTER these words Adam, with serious eyes fixed on the ground, withdrew. The groans that were heaved from the tormented breast of the afflicted father, bent even the

stubborn son with remorse, and cried earnestly, looking after him, what a wretch I am! How could I vent reproaches on so good and so tender a father? How I oppressed him with grief! Methinks I still hear his groans:—I see his suppliant hands extended to Heaven. Wretch that I am! perhaps he even intreats God for me, for me who have rent his heart with the most piercing distress. O that I could pray likewise! but I am a monster:—Hell takes possession of my bosom, and like a ravaging tempest, I have ruined the peace of all my friends. Return, reason, return! Do thou return, O virtue! expel from my troubled soul those horrid and fierce passions:—Yet, yet he prays. How his passion upbraids me!—He wrings his hands again!—He seems quite exhausted with agony.—I will kneel before him, and implore his forgiveness. What a rash tongue,—what a refractory heart is mine!

Cain ran then to Adam, who was supported against a tree, with his sorrowful eyes fixed on the ground. He threw himself prostrate, and cried, Pardon me—pardon me, O my father; I deserve that thou shouldst shun me with abhorrence. I detest myself; but while I am in this humble posture

posture before thee in the dust;—while I thus clasp thy knees, reject not my contrition, reject not my tears. My obdurate heart with a stern pride resisted thy counsel: But, O my much injured father! thy sighs and thy anguish vanquished my hardened soul. A ray from Heaven has illuminated my gloomy mind. With sincere sorrow and deep repentance I see my folly and my guilt.—I know that I am not worthy of thy love. Yet, my dear and venerable parent! accept my tears of repentance;—accept the true humility of my heart, O my father, I request pardon of God, of thee, and of my brother.

ARISE, my son, cried Adam, embracing him with tenderness, and raising him to his breast; the Most High God, who dwelleth in Heaven, is pleased with these penitential tears. Embrace me, O my son, and receive thy glad father's pardon and heart-felt embrace. Delightful hour! in which my first-born son restores our peace. O my child! excessive joy has enfeebled all my faculties. Support me, my son, and let us go to thy brother, that my pleasure may be rendered compleat by seeing your mutual caresses.

ADAM leaned on Cain, and went to the pasture.

pasture. Abel, and his mother and sisters, met them in the grove: they had followed Adam afar off; they had been witnesses to his vehement struggles, and had seen with pleasure the repentance and tears of Cain. Abel, the instant he saw his brother, flew to him with extended arms: he grasped him in them with a strenuous embrace, unable for some time to pour out the dictates of his heart, except from his eyes. At last, he cried, O my brother!—my dear brother! thou lovest me then—fondly lovest me! let me hear thy lips pronounce thy love, and I shall be compleatly happy. Yes, my brother, answered Cain, while he pressed him to his heart, with a benevolent embrace, I love thee with the utmost sincerity. I hope thou wilt forgive the trouble I have given thy days with the rage of my tempestuous passion. I was unhappy too, my brother, but my reason, like the lightning of Heaven, dispersed the gloom, and dispelled the dreadful tempest. Never, Abel, never mayest thou call to remembrance my former austerity.

THE transported Abel, with augmented rapture answered, Never, my dear Cain. Let the past be entirely obliterated: who would take the pleasure to repeat the deceits of a morning.

morning-dream, when they might, like me, awake to true happiness, with innumerable delights around me? My dear brother, words are unable to express my joy,—to express the sweet serenity with which my soul is filled, while I thus hold thee, my friend—my brother, to my beating breast.

EVE, who had beheld this moving scene with tender delight, flew to her sons, and clasping them in her maternal arms, while sweet tears of joyful sympathy trickled down her cheeks, O my sons! she cried, my dear children! never since I have born the tender name of mother, did I feel such perfect—such rapturous sensations. The sorrows which crushed my soul, like the weight of a troublesome mountain, are now removed. My heart will no more be tore by the miserable strife of those I carried in my womb, and were nourished with my breast. I shall now see,—and see with extasy, harmonious joy and love dwell among my now happy offspring. My united children will now bless me as the cause of their felicity, as the fruitful vine is blessed by the hand of the weary labourer, when refreshed by the delicious fruit. Let me join you, my sons, in this sweet embrace. Let me too, my daughters, press you to my panting bosom. With what joy do I par-

take in the excessive extasy so perceivable in the eyes of my dear children, and in those of my dear husband! She then looked at Adam; her matron lip met his, while conjugal softness, and paternal love were blended in her still shining eyes.

THE charming sisters, though lost in silence, partook of the general joy. Malala, Cain's spouse, when freed from her mother's kind embrace, said, while loveliness and joy sparkled in her altered looks, Let us, my dear Thirza, deck our bowers, delightful seat of happiness! with the sweetest flowers. We will rob the bending branches of their charming load, to form a rich repast. This happy day we will set apart to mirth and innocent pleasure, indulging every virtuous transport; we will welcome the new-born joy with united hearts. She then ran swiftly to prepare the delicious refreshing banquet, and Thirza followed her.

ADAM and Eve, accompanied by their sons, walked forward slowly till they reached the bower. The active sisters with generous hands had spread the green carpet. Various sorts of fruits offered their juices, and variety of flowers lent their odours, and delighted their eyes with their bright colours. Their feast was the elegance of nature: no
poisonous

poisonous darts hid in rich fauces, struck
with unkind blow the thoughtless guest.
Every face shewed content ; every eye sweet
complacency. Affable conversation and
sweet delight gave rapidity to the flight of
time, while the swift hours brought on calm
evening.



T H E
D E A T H
O F
A B E L.

B O O K II.

WHEN the first family in the world were in the bower, feasting on this delicious repast, Adam addressed them in these words. You now experience, my children, the nature of conscious virtue, and the pleasing serenity of mind which springs from a due sense of living in obedience to the Divine Command, and being the objects of the grace and care of our merciful Creator and Redeemer: continue in those ways, and you will anticipate the delights of Heaven,

ven, and be free of all those inquietudes, anxious thoughts and fears, which proceed from turbulent and unruly passions. O, my dear Eve, continued Adam, once the partner of my distress, you now enjoy part of my happiness! could we have thought, when, with weeping eyes and hearts torn with anguish, we took leave of our habitation in Paradise, that so much pleasure was to be enjoyed on earth? Never will the dreadful horrors that seized my mind upon that woful occasion be effaced from my memory.

ABEL addressed his father to this purpose: If a relation of past grief will not be disagreeable, and if the remembrance will not throw a gloom on this day of festivity, I would gladly hear from your own mouth the events of your life, from that woful day until now.

THE whole family looked on Adam with the utmost expectation: all seemed pleased with the request of Abel; and the father of mankind replied, What can I refuse my children in this day of reconciliation? I will relate to you the principal occurrences of those times of affliction and grief, of consolation and mercy, when God, even that God whom we had offended, deigned to hear,
by

by his promises, fallen man. Where, O my dear companion in every woe, and in every delight, shall I begin the interesting narrative? Shall it be from our first leaving Paradise? But I perceive thy tears already flow. My tears, returned the mother of mankind, are now those of devout thankfulness, and humble joy, not the bitter tears of shame, sorrow, and sad remorse. Begin, my dear Adam, at my taking a last look of the forfeited seat of bliss. In that dreadful moment, shame and remorse for the past, and agonizing fear for the future, raised such a conflict in my wretched bosom, that I sunk into thine arms, wishing for the immediate execution of a threatening, that was to confound me with my original dust. What I then felt, permit me to describe. Thy tenderness for me, will, I know, make thee pass too lightly over the melting scene.

- THE Lord's angel, in whose countenance was seen benignity, and the utmost compassion, was commissioned to drive us out of Paradise. He soothed us with pleasing words, cheered us with promises, and hopes of mercy from our all-merciful Creator: but the sword in his hand flamed most terribly. He stopped at Eden's gate. I guard, said he, this passage: no more must enter here any thing

thing that defileth. We were now travellers on the vast earth; Paradise was irrecoverably lost: the country we crossed seemed one wide and lonesome desert; no fruitful trees, no flowery shrubs, no fertile spot for our sad eyes. Adam held my hand, I frequently cast disconsolate looks towards the seat of lost happiness, not presuming once to raise my guilty eyes to the victim of my folly, and partner of my misery. Sorrow bent his head to the ground, and we walked on distressed and silent. Adam surveyed, with sorrowful eye, the uncultivated earth, then cast a pitying look at me, and, to soothe my anxious sorrow, pressed me to his bosom. We had reached the summit of an high hill, and now going down the declivity, every step diminished our view of Eden. My sad heart was torn with agony, and my sorrow deprived me of motion. Now, I cried, lamenting, I behold for the last time my native soil: blest pleasant garden, seat of innocence and joy, for the last time I behold thee! Ye flowers once cultivated by my careful hand, who now enjoys your sweets? Whose eyes are charmed with your bright colours? Ye trees, who now shall prop your loaded branches? Who now shall feast on your rich produce! Farewel, delightful bowers, adieu,
dear

dear shades; no more shall these sad eyes behold your verdure, banished for ever from this sweet retreat. It was there, my dearest partner of my sin and shame, thou askedst of Heaven a partner to double and share thy happiness. Alas! thy prayer was granted, and thine own side produced thy ruin. Our Maker formed us pure and holy: while innocent, the happy spirits who behold the face of God, deigned, with complacency, to visit our blest abode, condescended to teach us our duty, and to forewarn us of our danger. What are we now? O dreadfully fallen! O Adam, thy seduced wife has involved thee, by her seductions, into sin and misery. Yet, dear accomplice, to whom with reverence I raise my pitying eye, do not hate me. Thou hast a right to curse me: — But, O dear husband! if I may still call thee by that tender name, use it not; for thou art my only support. By the God only whose laws we have broken, by the chearing promises of his abundant grace, I conjure thee not to forsake me. All I request is, that I may follow and serve thee.—I will observe thy looks.—I will chearfully obey thy commands; happy if by obedience, my weak services gain from thee a commiserating smile, a look of compassion.—Here my voice and strength

Strength failed, I was sinking to the ground, but my dear husband caught me in his arms, and pressed me, with a look of affection, to his bosom. O Eve, he cried, whom I still love dearly, let us not magnify our sharp distress by self-reproach. Our God, in the midst of punishment, has remembered mercy. He has allayed his chastisements by his promises; in which the divine goodness appears with sensible brightness, and we will hope in his mercy. We will not continue to blame ourselves—we will not reproach each other. O, my dearest, if our God only consulted his justice, where should we both have been now? We will praise him for his mercy; our voices shall always be heard in thanksgiving, humble supplications, and expressions of love and gratitude. Our Judge is omniscient, and with him there is no darkness. He sees the lowliness of our souls; he beholds our prayers, our sincere contrition: he knows our weakness, and will accept of our feeble efforts to regain his favour. Embrace me, my dearest wife! Let us by mutual love and tenderness endeavour to alleviate our calamity.

ADAM ceased speaking. His words and tender caresses gave ease to my oppressed heart, and strength and activity to my weakened

ened limbs. We proceeded to the bottom of the hill, where we found a grove of trees which extended to the foot of a rock. Eve then giving her spouse a look of tenderness, was silent, and Adam thus continued:

WE went forward, my children, through the grove, and found in the rock a cavity that formed a grotto. See, my dearest love, said I, see the convenience offered us by nature: this grotto will afford us shelter, and this murmuring spring that flows from its side, will assuage our thirst. We will here make ready our lodging: but, my dearest wife, before we sleep, I must secure the entrance, to keep us from being surprized by nocturnal enemies. What enemies? returned Eve, with emotion. What enemies have we to fear? Hast thou not observed, my love, said I, that the curse of our sin has fallen on the whole creation? The bonds of friendship are broken between the creatures, and the weak are now become the prey of the strong. I have seen a young lion pursue, with fatal rage, a frightened hare. I have beheld a war in the air among the birds. We can no longer claim a right to command the animals; the spotted leopard, the brindled lion, and the fierce tyger no more fawn on

on us, nor play their wanton tricks in our sight; but cast against us frightful roarings, while their blazing eyes threaten destruction. We will try to tame those among the beasts that are most tractable; and our Creator has given us reason, which will teach us to secure ourselves from the most ravenous.

EVE, with frightful looks, keeping me in her sight, went to gather flowers and leaves to make our bed, and fruits to alluage our hunger. In the mean time I secured the entrance of the grotto with entwined branches of trees. My wife, hastened by fear, quickly performed her task, and, returning, rested herself before me on the green grass.

WE soon after entered the grotto, and seating ourselves on our bed of intermingled leaves and flowers, began our frugal meal, seasoned with mutual endearments, and grateful conversation, when a black cloud suddenly obscured the declining sun. It spread over our heads with growing darkness, and the sable veil which covered the earth seemed to foretel the destruction of all nature. A tempestuous wind arose: It bel-
lowed in the mountains: it tore up the trees of the forest. Lightnings darted from the
clouds,

clouds, and loud bursts of thunder increased the horrors of this tremendous scene.

EVE, struck with terror, threw herself, almost dying, into my arms, and clinging to my breast, cried, He comes!——He comes!——In flames he comes to bring the death he threatened!——How dreadful!——For my sin he comes to give death to us, and to annihilate nature!——O Adam! O my dear!——Here her voice failed, and she remained trembling and pale on my bosom. Be quiet, my dearest! I cried: compose thyself; we will with bending knees, up-lifted hands, and contrite hearts adore our God, who in terrible majesty comes riding on the clouds. His thunders proclaim his approach; the darting lightnings mark his passage. O thou Omnipotent, who with mercy and goodness fashioned me, when I first came from thy creating hand, Thou art terrible in judgment, yet suffer us not to be consumed by thy wrath. Destroy us not, O God! in thy hot displeasure.

WE then prostrated ourselves at the entrance of the grotto, and with pale countenances, and faltering voices, offered up our adorations, expecting when our just
Judge

Judge would, from the clouds, pronounce with thunders, Die, ye unthankful, and let the earth that bore you be burnt up by the fire of my indignation!

THE clouds now poured forth their waters, no longer flashed the lightnings from the heavens, and the thunder rolled at a distance. I raised my head from the ground, saying, The Almighty, my dear Eve, hath passed by. He hath not forgot his promises. Eternal Mercy, Everlasting Truth repenteth not. He will fulfil the purposes of his mercy; and thy seed, O my love, shall bruise the serpent's head.

WE stood up and were comforted. The heavens cleared up, and the setting sun spread a mild radiance through the sky, like the luminous track we used to behold in Eden, when legions of angels were carried above our heads on the flying clouds. Silence reigned over the watered fields; the herbage and flowers, still glittering with the drops of heaven, bloomed with more than usual beauty. The departing sun darted on us his last beams, while we celebrated, with the utmost reverence and thankful love, the wisdom, power, and mercy of our Creator.

THIS is what passed the first day after
our

our leaving Paradise. The ruddy evening gave place to the grey twilight, and soon the earth was only enlightened by the moon's pale rays. We now, for the first time, were chilled by the cold of the night, though a few hours before we had almost fainted under the intense heat of the scorching sun at noon. Our merciful Maker had condescended to clothe us with the skins of wild beasts, before our leaving Paradise, to shew that he had not withdrawn from us his succouring hand; with those we covered ourselves, and lying down on our verdant bed, hand in hand, waited the approach of sleep.

SLEEP, the healing balm of the weary, at length came; but it was not accompanied with that soft ease, that sweet delight, which blessed our slumbers while we were innocent: our imagination then presented none but chearing and agreeable images. Trouble, fear, and remorse did not then disturb our rest, nor mingle in our dreams with fantastic phantoms. The heavens were however calm, and our rest was undisturbed: but, Oh! how different from that rapturous night when I led thee, my dear, for the first time, to the nuptial bower! the flowers and all nature charmed with new sweetness. Never was the warbling of the nightingale
fo

so melodious: never did the pale moon shine with such radiance:—But why do I call to mind any thing that awakens my grief, now hushed to silence?

WE slept till the morning sun had dried up the pearly dew. When we awoke, we found sleep had refreshed us, and we were fitted for labour; and enjoyed with thanksgiving the harmony of the birds, who were celebrating, with their sweetest notes, the renewing mercy of their Creator: their number yet was but small; for there were then no other animals in this earth but those who, instructed by divine instinct, had, after the fall, fled from Paradise, that the garden of the Lord might not be defiled by death.

WE presented our praises at the entrance of the grotto, after which I said to Eve, We will, my love, go farther, and take a view of this immense country our bountiful God has given us for an inheritance. We may fix our abode where the earth is most fruitful, where nature is most profuse of her beauties. Seest thou, Eve, that river, which most beautifully winds in bright meanders through the meadows? The hill on its banks seems at this distance like an orchard full of trees, and its top is covered with verdure. My dear spouse, returned Eve, pressing my hand
to

to her bosom, I shall follow with confidence and pleasure the steps of thee, my conductor and guard. We will go forward towards the hill.

WHEN we were going, we saw just above our heads a bird fly with feeble wing: its feathers were rough and disordered: it cast forth mournful cries, and having fluttered a little in the air, fell down without strength among the bushes. I've went to seek it, and saw another lie motionless on the grass, which that we had seen before seemed to mourn over. My spouse looking at it, examined it with surprising attention, and in vain tried to awake it from what she believed to be sleep. It will not wake, said she to me, in a trembling voice, laying the bird from her frightened hand—It will not wake—it will never wake more! She then burst into tears, and speaking to the lifeless bird, said, It may be the poor bird, that pierced my ears with his cries, was perhaps thy mate. It is I! It is I! unhappy that I am, who have brought misery and grief on every creature! For my sin these pretty harmless choristers are punished. Her tears redoubled. What an event! said she, turning to me. How stiff and cold it is! It has neither voice nor motion. Its joints no longer bend.

bend. Its limbs refuse their office. Speak, Adam, is this death? Ah, it is!—How I tremble! An icy cold runs through my veins. If the death with which we are threatened is like this, how terrible!—What, lovely Adam! would become of me, if, like the feathered mate of this poor bird, I am left behind to mourn? Or what would become of thee, if death tear me from thy fond arms? If God should create another Eve to fill my place in thy bosom, she will not—cannot love like me, thy partner in distress and banishment.—Unable to say more, she cried, she sobbed, and her weeping eyes made my feeling heart partake of her pain. I pressed her to my bosom; I tenderly embraced her, and mixed my tears with hers. Cease, dearest Eve, I cried, these fond complaints. Dry up thy tears. Have confidence in thy merciful Saviour, who governs all his creatures by his infinite wisdom. Though we cannot see into futurity; though his majestic tribunal is surrounded with darkness, we may rest assured, that mercy and love are the basis of his throne. Why, my love, should we anticipate troubles? Why should we, guided by a gloomy imagination, seek for them before they come? Was our reason given us only to make us wretched? Shall we

unthankful turn our eyes from the repeated instances of the loving kindness and tender mercy of our God, and be in danger of plunging ourselves into misery by our blindness? It is his wisdom and his goodness that regulate and appoint what shall befall us. Let us with humble confidence in his mercy cheerfully submit to all the dispensations of his providence, without seeking to know what he hath not condescended to reveal to us.

WE now advanced to the top. Its gentle ascent was almost covered with trees and fertile shrubs. On the summit in the midst of fruit-trees, grew a lofty oak, whose thick branches formed an extensive shade, which was rendered more cool and delightful by a murmuring brook, that ran in various windings among the flowers. This spot afforded a landscape so immense, that the sight was only bounded by the dusky air; the sky forming a concave around us, that appeared, where-ever we turned, to touch the distant mountains. Here, said I, my dearest love, we will fix our habitation. This place is a faint resemblance of Paradise, whose beautiful bowers we must never more behold. Again receive us, majestic oak, under thy shade. Ye trees of various taste and colour, refresh

refresh and revive us with your delicious fruits; never shall we gather the sweet produce without thankfulness. It shall be the reward of our attentive care and laborious cultivation. O God, most merciful, who reignest in heaven! look with a propitious eye on this our dwelling. Bow thine ear to our supplications, receive with favour the praises and thanksgivings which we, thy frail offending creatures, shall never cease to send up to thy celestial throne. Here, my dearest spouse, we shall obtain by the sweat of our brows all necessary support. Under these trees thou shalt bring forth with pain. From hence will our offspring spread themselves over the earth. Here too, death shall one day assault us, and we shall be mingled with our original dust. O Lord God, our Maker! shower down thy blessings on the abode of us sinners. While I thus uttered the devout breathings of my soul, Eve knelt with reverence on the earth by my side! her hands were lifted up, her eyes swam in tears, and were raised towards heaven in adoration.

AFTER this I began to construct our habitation under the shade of the spreading oak. I fixed in the earth a circle of strong stakes, and interwove them with flexible

twigs. While I was thus employed, Eve was watering the flowers, gathering ripe fruits, supporting with sticks the bending stalks of the different fruit trees, and pruning their luxuriant branches. It was now that we began to eat our bread by the sweat of our brows.

I TRAVELLED to the river to bring small twigs to cover our habitation, where I saw six ewes, white as the snow, and with them two rams, feeding by the side of the river. I approached them without noise, fearing they would run away from me like the wolf and the leopard, who before our fatal transgression used to play with the kid or the lamb at our feet. But instead of endeavouring to run away from me, they suffered me to stroak their fleeces, and I drove them before me with a rod to our hill, where I intended that they should for the future feed. Eve was employed in erecting a bower, and did not presently on my return observe my little flock: but they soon discovered themselves by their bleating. She started at the noise, and dropped the branches from her hand through amazement, but soon recovering, she called out, with joy in her countenance, O Adam! they are gentle and fond as in the garden of Eden. Welcome, pretty

pretty creatures! ye shall live with us. All ye stand in need of for food is here; ye need not stray, for here are green pastures, fragrant herbage, and wholesome fountains, Your innocent sporting will give us delight, while we attend our trees and flowers. Yes, harmless animals! she continued, stroaking their woolly backs, ye shall be my flock, and I will be your indulgent shepherdess.

OUR little habitation was now finished, and we were enjoying the cool breezes at its entrance, and with pleasure surveying the distant country, when Eve said, my dearest love, how beautiful is the prospect before us mixed! how fertile, how full of blessings is this earth, which we thought so barren! Let us gather the fruits and flowers which the hill already yields, and to these add such as grow on its borders, and our abode will have some resemblance of Paradise. Then added she with joy, It will then put us in mind of those blissful seats of the angels, which the heavenly messengers, who in our happy days of innocence condescended to visit us, described in such glowing colours. O thou garden of the Lord, how ravishing were thy sweet retreats! How did thy gay colours charm the eye! How did thy luscious

cious fruits, thy fragrant smells feast the senses! Whatever necessity required, all the useful, all the agreeable, were there in rich profusion. O my love! compared with that luxuriant spot, what is all about us but barrenness? This earth, under the divine curse, seems unable to produce in the same lands that sweet variety, that happy diversity, that charmed us in Eden's delightful bower. We must now seek the various productions in distant places. I have observed too, that not only animals are the prey of death; he stretches his wide domain, he tyrannizes over the whole earth, and makes great havock in the world of vegetation. O my dear! what fruits have I beheld broken with rude winds from their branches, spoiled and full of filthy rottenness! What flowers are blasted on their stalks! The trees are disrobed of their verdure by the despoiler Death. I have seen too, that young branches supply the place of ~~those~~ that are broken, and that the seed of dead flowers thrown into the earth, produce new ones of the same kind. Thus one day we must wither and die, and our children shall progressively grow up and flourish.

SHE gave over speaking, and I, being deeply affected with her words, made answer,

Dear

Dear life, were our loss only the gay verdure, the fruits and flowers of Paradise, it would scarce deserve to be mourned over; but alas! we are thrust out of the sacred place which our Maker blessed by his immediate presence. There veiling his incomprehensible Majesty, he walked among the trees, while all nature shouted for joy at the approach of the Immaculate Deity. Though I was formed of the dust, yet my adorations were accepted. The Almighty condescended to hear his creature, and vouchsafed to answer with mercy a frail worm. Alas! we have, by our disobedience, lost this privilege; guilty as we are, we can no more hope to converse with Infinite Purity, but through a Redeemer: this calls for our mourning and our tears. Will the God of heaven visit a family under his curse? Will the Most Holy dwell with sinful man? He looks down from the seats of bliss; he regards with an eye of mercy our repentance and tears, and his benignity exceeds every hope our sinfulness could form: even the bright angels of heaven are his messengers; they execute his orders on this sinful globe: but alas! our wretched eyes are now unworthy to behold them! They performed the task assigned without condescending to become visible to

sinful man, and then soar with hasty wing from this seat of misery, now fit only to be the habitation of creatures under the curse of their offended God.

WE were thus speaking, and casting our melancholy eyes on the country before us, when a bright cloud descending, came forward towards us, and rested on our hill; from it came out a radiant form, wearing on his face a majestic smile. We arose in haste; we bowed our heads, and the heavenly messenger thus spoke: That God who is enthroned in the highest heavens has heard your mournings. Go, said he, and inform those children of affliction, that my presence is not circumscribed by the circuit of heaven, it extends to every work of my hands. From whence does the sun receive his invigorating heat? Who is it that teaches the stars to run their courses? What makes the earth still bring forth its fruits, and day and night regularly succeed each other? Who preserves the various animals? It is in me they live, move, and have their being. Who keeps thee, Adam, from sinking into corruption? It is I who am near thee: I sustain thee by my power: I guard thee by my providence; and know the secret recesses
of

of thy soul, and all the purposes of thine heart.

THE bright shining light that compassed the angel came even to me. Filled with devout pleasure, I lifted up to him my dazzled eyes. How great, beyond conception, said I, are the mercies of the Lord! He beholds our misery with compassion. He sends his angels to give us comfort. O Divine Spirit! I stand confounded and ashamed before thee. How shall I, sinful man that I am, dare to speak to thee, the unoffending ministring Spirit of heaven, arrayed in light and purity? Yet, O benevolent angel! permit me to mention the sad apprehensions and fears that oppress my heart. That God is omnipresent, I readily believe. I see him in his works. I feel him in his goodness and tender mercies. — That the Holy God, a being perfect in purity, should so intimately communicate himself to a sinful worm, I do not presume to expect. What I fear is, that when man shall be multiplied on the earth, he will be a stranger to God his Maker. I have fallen from my primitive purity. In me my children are fallen, and our nature debased, by which our wretchedness is increased. The time is coming when I shall be no longer with them, to inform them, and give my testimony of

the loving kindness and compassion of the Lord. It is true the smallest insect will declare his loving favour; but if God continues to hide his face from man, will not the voice of nature be too weak to strike his mind? Will not the idea of the Deity be quite lost, or at least confounded in darkness and obscurity? This thought gives my foreboding heart exquisite anguish. I tremble with horror when my gloomy imagination represents to my view millions of creatures sunk in distress and guilt, who may curse me as the cause of their blindness and misery.

O ADAM, replied the angel, with benign aspect, he in whom, and by whom all things were made, will not forsake thine offspring. Often will they, by their sins, presumptuously affront the Majesty of Heaven. Often will their sins cry aloud for God's vengeance. The Almighty will make known his thunders, and display the terrors of his judgment. The sinner shall tremble in the dust, and shall cry out in agony of soul, Dreadful is the wrath of God; who can stand before it? but oftener will he make himself known in loving kindness: He will delight to shew mercy on the repenting children of men. Mercy and compassion dwell always with him; judgment is his strange work. He will raise

up

up from among thy posterity. men whose minds he will enlighten. They, assisted by the Spirit of God, shall call their brethren to repentance, Sinners shall hearken, and forsaking the ways of sin and wickedness, shall worship a God of spotless purity, in spirit and in truth. He will send among them prophets and holy men, whose mission he will evidence by miracles and wondrous works. The chosen of the Lord shall cure the diseased, raise the dead, and do many wonderful things: they shall make known the judgments of the Most Holy: they shall declare his love and grace: they shall prophecy what will happen in distant ages of the world, and the accomplishment of their prophecies will teach men, that Wisdom Eternal over-rules and disposes all things according to his good pleasure and the merciful designs of his providence; events that short-sighted mortals would attribute to blind chance. Often will he speak to the sons of men by his holy Spirit: frequently in miracles; and there will be some gracious persons with whom he will more intimately converse; to whom he will speak face to face, till the fulness of time shall come, when shall be ushered in the great mystery of the salvation of

mankind, when the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent.

THE angel gave over speaking; and I, encouraged by his familiarity, and the sweetness of his look, replied, O celestial messenger and friend! if thou wilt yet allow me, mortal as I am, to call thee so; and why should I doubt it? since thou canst not hate him whom the Most Merciful doth not hate:—man, for whom the divine clemency manifests itself with such splendour as strikes the heavenly host with admiration, and surpasses the power of words to express, when the adoring soul, humble in the dust, attempts to pour forth its gratitude. Tell me, thou heavenly messenger, if it be permitted thee to reveal from the obscurity with which they are surrounded, those wonderful mysteries; tell me, what is the meaning of the promise, the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent: and what is meant by the curse denounced against man, Thou shalt surely die. Nothing that Eternal Wisdom permits me to reveal, answered the angel, will I conceal from thee.

KNOW, then, O man! on thy transgressing the Divine command, God said to the blessed Spirits who worshipped before him, Man hath disobeyed me, and he shall die. A thick cloud

cloud suddenly encompassed the eternal throne, and a profound silence reigned through the whole expanse of Heaven; the heavenly host were filled with astonishment; but soon the darkness was dispersed, and the praises of the Most High resounded from the melodious harps of the angels. Never did God manifest himself with such glory and lustre, but in that memorable instant when his powerful voice called the stars from non-existence, and the Almighty created all things by the word of his power. The adoring angels were in great expectation of what was to follow this unusual pomp, when the powerful voice of God sounded through the heavenly host, uttering these words of benignity and love: I will not withdraw my mercy from the sinner. To my infinite goodness the earth shall bear witness. Of the woman shall be born an avenger, who shall bruise the serpent's head. Hell shall mourn at this victory. Death shall lose its prey. Ye heavens, shew forth your joyfulness! Thus spake the Everlasting. The lustre of his glory would have been too strong for the eyes of archangels, had not a thin cloud tempered its insupportable brightness. The blessed inhabitants of heaven celebrated with joy this great mystery,

ry, and tuned their golden harps to the praises of the Father of Spirits, whose tender mercies are over all his works. How God will forgive the sinner, without a satisfaction to his justice, surpasses our comprehension ; but it is enough, Eternal Veracity hath pronounced it. We know, and are assured, that death having lost his condemning power, can only divide the soul from the body. The body shall return to the dust, out of which it was formed ; while the immortal spirit, purified from all uncleanness, shall be raised to Heaven, to be a partaker there with angels, archangels, and all the heavenly host, in never-ending happiness.

HEARKEN, O Adam! to the command of thy God ; I will be merciful to thee, and to thy seed. There shall be a sign between me and thee, as the seal of this gracious promise : On the top of this hill thou shalt build an altar, and offer on it a young lamb. I will to shew my acceptance of thy sacrifice, send down fire to consume the victim. This sacrifice shall be every year renewed, and the flame shall yearly come down, and burn thine offering.

I HAVE now told thee, father of mankind, continued the angel, all that the Most Holy thinks proper to reveal of his unsearchable
"decrees.

decrees. I am also permitted to shew thee, that ye are not so lonely on this globe as you may imagine. Cursed as the earth is, ye are still surrounded by holy angels, who are commissioned to be your guard and defence, and ordered to preside, with watchful care, over the elect seed. The angel then enlightening our eyes, we beheld beauties that cannot be described. No words can give proper ideas that would do justice to the bright magnificence of the scene. All the country around us was peopled with the children of heaven, more beautiful than the first woman, when she came from the hands of her Creator, and with soft reluctance, and modest grace, was welcomed to my arms.

SOME were employed in collecting the light vapours that came from the moist earth: they carried them upwards on their expanded wings, and converted them into mild dews, and fertilizing showers. Others lay reclined, near murmuring brooks, watching lest their sources should fail, and the plants they watered be deprived of their nourishment. Many were dispersed through the open country, who presided over the growth of fruits, and spread on the opening flowers the most beautiful tints; and, by breathing on them, impregnated

pregnated them with fragrance. Some peopled the groves, employed in various offices: from the glittering wings of these were wafted gentle breezes, which passing through the boughs of the trees, overshadowed the flowers, and skimmed along the surface of the brooks and lakes. Some among these heavenly labourers having performed the task allotted them, were resting in the shade, and joining in harmonious concert: the melody of their voices accompanied the well-tuned strings of their golden harps, and they sang hymns, such as no mortal ear ever heard, to the praise of the Most High. A great number were walking on our hill, and among our bowers: in their piteous looks I beheld a sympathy for our distress: but now our eyes were not able to behold the heavenly radiance, and the enchanting scene disappeared.

THESE which you have just now beheld, said the angel, are spirits sent to watch over the fruits of the earth: they are the appointed assistants of nature, and help to promote and complete her various works, according to the invariable and immutable laws of the great First Cause. The Creator has given being to innumerable orders of creatures. Even this earth, though under the curse of
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the Omnipotent, is full of beauty; and the admiring angels behold, on this globe, objects too sublime for the sight of mortals. The delightful employment of some of these children of heaven, is to watch over thy safety, to defend thee, O man! from unforeseen misfortunes; they accompany thee in all thy ways; they assist thee in thy labours, and often turn even thy disappointment to thy advantage, bringing from an imagined evil a real good. They, with pleasure, behold thy family-happiness: they are witnesses of thy most secret actions: a smile of complacency shews their joy, when man, their charge, behaves well: the frown of displeasure and sorrow sits on their brow, when man forgets God and his own happiness. These, in future ages, the Lord will intrust to give plenty through the countries; he will delight to bless, or to carry famine and desolation among sinful nations, until it shall please him to remove them by his chastisements.

THE angel having done speaking, he eyed us with a look of complacency, and disappeared in a bright cloud. We kneeled upon the earth, with devout extasy, and humbly offered up our thanksgivings to our gracious and all-merciful Creator.

I IMMEDIATELY reared an altar, as the
Lord

Lord had commanded me, on the top of the hill. Eve employed herself in constructing around it a little garden. She brought from the neighbouring plain the most beautiful and odoriferous flowers: these she planted all round the altar, and with chearful labour watered them every morning and evening from the murmuring rivulet that flowed near our dwelling. O Almighty Power! said she in the midst of her toils, compleat the work of my hands; for without thine aid, in vain shall I plant, in vain shall I water! May thy kind care, O Omnipotent! give these flowers more life, more beauty, more fragrance, than they had in their native soil; for to thee, Lord of all, is this inclosure consecrated. I planted spacious rows of trees round the holy altar, and their thick boughs spread an awful shade, that inclined the mind to devout contemplation.

WE passed the summer in these labours, exposed every day to the sun's burning heat. Harvest arrived, and repaid our labour with various fruits. It drew near an end; the loud roarings of the north wind began to be heard, and the summits of the mountains were overspread with a white frost. Not then understanding that the weak earth, which was exhausted by the excessive liberality

rality of summer and autumn, wanted to recover her strength by the rest of winter, we saw, with sorrow, the widowed face of nature.) In Paradise we knew no change of seasons: mild spring, gay summer, and plentiful autumn, delighted there together. As the winter came on, the face of nature wore a sable gloom: the flowers withered on their stalks, and if any yet survived around the altar, they seemed, with drooping heads, to mourn their fall. The latest fruits fell from the trees, and the sapless branches cast their leaves. The clouds poured down torrents of rain, and the highest tops of the mountains were covered with snow. We beheld this scene of desolation with fear and anxiety. Should this, my dearest Eve, said I, be only the effects of the curse denounced against this earth, and God continue to punish, she will be disrobed of the small remains of beauty and usefulness which her degradation has left her: small were they in comparison of the delights of Paradise, yet they were sufficient to soften our toil, and afforded us many of the pleasures and blessings of life; but if the curse continues to spread desolation on the earth, how melancholy will our days be! What will become of our promised offspring? Thus we mourned our melancholy situation; but,

but, supported by the promises of our God, we relied on him with humble confidence. We joined in comforting one another; and endeavoured to erase from our minds every thought of murmuring or discontent, and thankfully blessed the Lord in the midst of the dismal horrors with which we were surrounded.

WE laid up in store for our winter support those fruits that were free from corruption and rottenness, and to preserve them from putrefaction, we dried them by a fire. I converted our bower anew, and made a thicker fence around to keep out the cold and the rain. In the mean time our little flock wandered in a languishing manner on the eminence, gaining a scanty support, by nipping the short grass that still remained, or here and there sprung up afresh; and I, for their farther support, ranged the country to seek them fodder, which I carefully preserved, lest they should perish, if the cold of winter increased.

SAD and melancholy passed our time, while the gloomy sky poured forth rain, and the bleak winds froze us with cold. But at length the chearful sun renewed the earth, and cleared up the heavens, while warm gales chased the damp fogs from the tops of the mountains. Reviving nature seemed delighted

lighted at the return of youth: the fields were again cloathed in chearful green: variety of flowers decked the pasture, and, as it were, vied with the sun in lustre: the trees again shot out their leaves, and all nature was full of renewed joy. Thus crowned with leaves and flowers came lovely spring, that delightful morning of the year.

THE trees which I had planted round the altar were in luxuriant beauty. Eve saw, with inexpressible pleasure, the flowers she had planted on the holy spot recover their bloom. In vain, my children, should I attempt to give you an idea of our excessive joy. We ran to the consecrated ground, filled with devout thankfulness. The sun shone on the sacred spot with the utmost brightness. Every creature seemed to join with us in praising our merciful Creator. The flowers perfumed the air with the sweetest odours: the trees with their blooming branches overshadowed the holy altar: the winged insects that lived in the tender grass chirped forth their joy: while the birds on the spreading boughs of the trees quickened our devotion, by their melodious harmony. We prostrated ourselves in the most humble posture: the tears of gratitude and joy which burst from our eyes fell on the grassy turf,
and

and mingled with the dew of the morning. Our fervent prayer ascended towards the Lord of glory, towards the God of grace and goodness, who had mercifully turned even the effects of his just displeasure to our advantage.

I NOW began to improve a little field upon the hill. I cast into the fertile earth some grains which I had preserved from the produce of harvest. I even enriched the land with seeds I had found in the distant country. Nature's God and reflection often discovered to me means to make my labour more easy. Ignorance of the seasons, and of the proper soils for the different productions, led me often into errors. My imagination frequently deceived me, and I was disappointed when I had the highest hopes that I had found the art of shortening my labours. I should sometimes have been ready to despair, had not the gentle spirits, who watched over my happiness, condescended to instruct me.

ONE morning, as I was looking towards the altar, I beheld, with reverence, the flame of the Lord burning over it. The rising sun gilded with his beams the ascending smoke. Ravished with the sight, I called to my beloved; See, my dearest, see the accomplishment

ment of the promise. Behold, that sacred flame is come down on our altar. Let us go to it immediately. Every labour must now cease. I will, as the Most Merciful hath commanded, kill a young lamb. Haste, my lovely, and chuse the finest flowers to deck the sacrifice. I took the best of my flock: but, my children, it is impossible to give you a description of what I felt, when I went to deprive the innocent animal of life. A trembling seized my whole frame; I was scarce able to hold the struggling victim, and never could I have brought myself to kill it, had I not had regard to the express command of the promising God. The very remembrance of its struggling to escape gives me pain. When I beheld its quivering limbs in the last moments of its life, an universal horror seized my whole frame, and when it lay before me, without sense or motion, dreadful apprehensions invaded my distressed soul. In obedience to the Divine command, I laid the bleeding lamb on the altar, and Eve strewed on it odoriferous flowers. We then kneeled on the earth before it, with reverence and fear, and offered up our humble praises to Jehovah, who thus solemnly verified his promises. All nature observed an awful silence, while we celebrated

brated the goodness of her God. In this perfect calm our ravished ears were charmed with songs of the heavenly host, who joined in our devout praises. The flames soon consumed the sacrifice, the fragrant smell thereof filled the air, and came up before the throne of God.

SOME time after this day of religious worship, I was going at the sun-set to rest myself near my amiable spouse, after the fatigue of the day. In vain I sought her in our cottage. I looked for her earnestly in the shady grove. At length I found her pale and motionless, at the side of a rivulet, and thee, Cain, my first-born, lying on her bosom. The pangs of child bearing had seized her, while she was employed in her ordinary labour near the stream. She was shedding tears of joy on thine infant face. At the sight of me she said, with a smile, I give thee joy, father of men. The Lord hath been my helper in the hour of distress: I have brought forth this son, to whom thou mayest give the name of Cain. O thou, my first-born, said she, the Lord hath favourably regarded the prayer of his hand-maid; may all thy days be consecrated to his praise! How feeble, how helpless is every one that is born of a woman! O, my dear babe, may thou rise and grow

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as a young flower in the spring! May thou be in favour with God and man! I then took thee, my first-born, in my arms. I congratulate thee, said I to Eve; I rejoice over thee, mother of men. Give praise to the Most High God, who hath aided thee in thy distress. I salute thee, Cain, first of human beings, whose birth gave pain and sorrow to thy mother, who entered into life to leave it by death. O merciful Jehovah, said I, look down from heaven, and observe with compassion this thy helpless creature. Shed thy Almighty blessings on the dawn of his life. My sweet task shall be to form his mind to virtue; I will make known to him the wonders of thy grace: I will teach him the strangeness of thy love. I will command him to know thy name, and offer continually his praises to the throne of thy mercy. O most amiable Eve, I cried, in a transport of my heart, a race, without number, shall spring from thee. This woodbine was, like thee, solitary, till the tender suckers sprang from the fruitful root. When smiling spring shall clothe it with new beauties, the first shoots will produce others, and in time the single myrtle shall form a little fragrant grove. In the same manner (let this prospect console thee in thy present weakness) shall our offspring

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multiply

multiply around this hill. We shall from the top of the hill see their peaceful habitations beautify the plain: if we live long enough, we shall see them, we shall see them chearfully assist each other, to procure the blessings, the conveniences, and the comforts of life. Often will we go down from this hill, and visit our children's children; and under their friendly shades will we make known the wonders of the Lord, and exhort them to chearful holiness. When they taste of joy we will rejoice with them; we will bear a part of their griefs, and give them consolation and advice. From the top of this hill we shall see —— with pleasure and thankfulness we shall see the smoke of a thousand altars. Their burnt offerings shall arise up before God's altar, perfumed with the Mediator's righteousness. And when the awful day shall come, when the propitious fire of heaven shall come down upon the first and most holy altar, they shall come together on this hill. We will lead them to sacrifice, and in holy extasy we shall see the fruit of our loins fall down, and prostrate themselves before the throne of the Almighty.

O MY first-born! thus I did utter the sweet effusions of my heart. I embraced thine infant lips, with the utmost tenderness. Thy
mother

mother then took thee in her joyful arms, when having helped her to rise, I led her to our bower.

STRENGTH and vigour soon began to animate thy infant members. Joy and gaiety sparkled in thine eyes, and laughter played on thy cheeks. Thou wert soon able to run with thy tender feet on the soft grass and among the flowers: soon thy sweet lips began to speak forth thine infant thoughts, when Eve was delivered of Mahala thy spouse. Joyfully thou dancedst about thy new-born wife, kissed her, and coveredst her with flowers. Eve then bore thee, O Abel, and afterwards thy beloved spouse Thirza. With pleasing joy we beheld your innocent pleasures. Our delight was heightened when we saw your dawning minds improve, and arrive by little and little at maturity. Our utmost attention was employed in cultivating your young minds, and directing your pursuits to noble objects, that your lives might be an honour to your gray hairs. While you, my children, yet hopped on my knee, or ran after each other through trees in wanton play, I was sensible that man born in sin needs cultivation like the stubborn earth, cursed for our sinfulness, and that vigilance and watchful care were absolutely necessary

in the laborious task of forming the young mind. To form the young mind to virtue, to guard the innocent heart from turbulent passions, and to cause it to grow and improve in the practice of every virtue, require all the arts of paternal love.

I HAVE NOW, my dear children, the pleasure to see you grow up to manhood, as the tender seeds are by the hand of Time brought up into lofty and wide-spreading trees. Blessed be the God of mercy for his innumerable bounties! Praised for ever be his name for his unmerited goodness! May you, my dear offspring, devote yourselves constantly to his service, and his blessing will constantly rest on your habitations.

ADAM here ended his history. A young virgin united by the soft bands of Hymen to her favourite lover strays with him in the early dawn. They hear the sweet notes of the lark and of the feathered tribe. Their voices seem the echo of their chearful thoughts, and through their hearts is diffused a tender transport of joy. The birds cease their melody; but the lovers still listen with attention, looking towards the branches from whence issued their pleasant notes. Thus, though our first father gave over speaking, his children remained fixed in reverent attention.

tention. The different scenes he had represented gave them various emotions: sometimes the tears dropping from their eyes, at other times a sensible joy spread itself over their countenances. They all returned their thanks to their dear father: Cain expressed his thanks as the others did, but he discovered no signs of joy or sorrow.



T H E
D E A T H
O F
A B E L.

B O O K III.

ADAM having finished his recital, Abel again embraced his brother affectionately. They all went out of the bower, Cain and Mahala, Abel and Thirza, each couple to their separate habitations, while the moon's feeble rays enlightened their steps. O my dear Thirza, said Abel to his beloved, eagerly pressing her hand, what pleasing joy spreads itself through my soul? My brother is no longer at variance with me, he loves me: his bedewed cheeks spoke his tenderness

tenderness while he gave me the parting embrace. How did my heart rejoice in the desirable expressions of his returning affection! The earth is not so enlivened and refreshed with the evening gales, after the sun's burning rays, as I am with my brother's kind behaviour. The furious tempest of his soul is stilled. Peace and joy are returned; they will again take possession of our humble bowers, and give a new relish to our enjoyment. O thou most merciful Being, who hast with infinite goodness watched over our parents when they were the only inhabitants of this extended ball, keep at a distance from the mind of my dearest brother every despairing and tormenting passion. May the tempest never return; but may peace, joy, and gratitude render his whole life delightful.

THIRZA, with pleasure in her countenance, said, Our parents, my dear, felt no more joy at the return of spring, after the storms of the first winter, than they had when they saw the flowing tears of reconciliation descend from the eyes of our brother. Our parents were transported, and appeared elevated with all the gaiety of youth, and every thing around us leaped with new joy.—Thus did this lovely and virtuous couple express the pleasing sensations that filled their hearts.

MAHALA, Cain's wife, observing that a gloom of discontent still sat on his brow, pressed him to her breast, and, in a soft and tender accent said, Why, my dearest, dost thou seem so cold, so disconsolate, in the midst of such happiness? Is the peace that is restored to thy soul incapable of making thine eyes sparkle with tender joy? Cannot thy heart-felt satisfaction cause a serene countenance? I should fear the cloud of despair that has so long benighted thy days had made thee unsusceptible of joy, had I not seen,—seen with the greatest pleasure, content and satisfaction enliven thine eyes when thou gavest our brother the kind embrace.—O my beloved! the Merciful, from his high throne, and the benevolent angels, who continually hover around us, saw with approbation the soft sensations that then filled thine heart. Suffer me, my dearest spouse, to press thee to my bosom. Let my love again brighten thy countenance; mayest thou lose all thy troubles and cares in this fond embrace.

CAIN did not refuse the tender caresses of his wife, but answered, Your joy, your excessive joy gives me uneasiness. Yes, I am displeased: Does not your joy say, Cain is corrected?—He was before a man of a cruel and barbarous disposition, and was at enmity
with

with his brother.—I was not to blame.—
From what could so strange a notion arise?
—Did I hate my brother, because I was not
always fondling over him, or teasing him
with embraces?—I never hated my brother
—No, never; I saw indeed, with concern,
that he, by his effeminate actions, stole from
me the love of my father and mother; must
I be insensible of this? But, Mahala, it is
not without reason that sorrow clouds my
brow. How imprudent was our father to
acquaint us with the history of his shameful
fall, and all the troubles of which he and Eve
are the cause? was there any necessity for us
to know, and to be so often told, that it was
thro' their sin we lost all the pleasures of Pa-
radise, and were made wretched? If we had
nor been acquainted with this, we could have
borne our sorrows better, and we should not
mourn over pleasures, the want of which we
could then have no idea of.

MAHALA suppressed in her heart remon-
strances and complaints, and watchfully ob-
served her husband's eyes, to see if she might
attempt a reply: then calmly answered, Suf-
fer me, I intreat thee, my love, to weep, for
I cannot refrain from tears. Suffer me to
plead with thee for thy own advantage. I
beseech thee to drive far from thee this dis-

position of melancholy that is again beginning to disturb thy soul. I know, my dear, thou canst dispel it, and restore joy and serenity to thy heart. Let not thy distempered imagination always present to thy mind objects of misery and distress, where thou oughtest to see divine love and grace. O Cain! why should we blame our loving parents for relating to us the wonders of God's grace to fallen man? They would raise in our souls a lively thankfulness and firm confidence. They are duly sensible of every thing that can be a subject of pain and grief to us, and it is cruel in us to reproach them with our misery.—Rise, my dearest, I desire thee, rise superior to the troubles that would again intrude themselves into thy breast, and obscure your life with sullen sadness. She ceased speaking, but gave her husband a tender glance, while her eyes ran over with tears.

THIS look of affection made Cain put on a more pleasing countenance; and he said, as he embraced Mahala, I will, my dear, surmount these gloomy fears that would gain dominion over me, I will not darken thy days or mine with fearful apprehensions.

ANAMELECH, one of the lower order of the spirits of hell, had remarked the behaviour and heard the discourse of Cain. He had
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seen, with diabolical pleasure, signs of envy and wrath in his disturbed countenance. This envious demon, though of the lowest order among the apostate angels, was as full of ambition and pride as Satan, the arch-rebel. Often, while in hell, he separated himself from his companions, whom he despised. Often he continued in solitude among the sulphurean rivers that flowed through the burning land; and wandered there in secret. He murmured at his ignoble idleness, while the blue flames reflected great, deep-cast, and black dismal light on the path made by his strolling feet.—But when hell, with infernal roar, celebrated the praises and triumphs of her monarch, who, after his return from the terrestrial Paradise, blown up with pride, narrated how he had seduced our first parents, and boasting his having obliged the Most High to pronounce against them the decree of death and misery; then the envious venom swelled the hellish breast of Anamlech, who, in reverie with himself, spoke thus: Must Lucifer, though under the same curse with myself, have the pleasure of being applauded by hell, while I, in obscurity, unobserved, wander through these dark lakes, and am mixed among the vile throng, who with groveling shouts idolize him, and hail

him conqueror? No : I look upon myself as fully qualified for every hellish design : my exploits shall make all my equals surpris'd : I will compel even Lucifer himself to applaud my wonderful deeds : my ambition furnishes me with the sure hopes of gaining a distinguished name among all my fellow-infer-nals. I will astonish my compeers. He was full of immoderate malice to all the human race. His studious mind projected various schemes for their total destruction, and his horrid enterprizes had too much success. The miseries of Adam's family rais'd the name of this vile demon to high honour, among the diabolical powers of the fiery lake. This demon it was, who, after a succession of years, stirr'd up a cruel king to kill the infants of Bethlehem. He observ'd with a hellish joy, men, barbarous as the devils themselves, display a savage cruelty against those innocents. It gave him horrid pleasure to see their little heads dash'd against the stones, and all their members streaming with blood. It gave him pleasure to see them destroyed in the bosoms of their sorrowful and distract-ed mothers. He hovered with unrelenting pleasure over that miserable city. The cries of those tender infants were to him melodious music. He satiated himself with eager joy

joy on the heart-breaking lamentations of their inconsolable mothers. The broken members of infants trode under the feet of their hellish executioners, were to him a pleasing sight; and he felt a hellish joy when he saw their disconsolate parents prostrate on the earth, and, in the horrors of distress, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, stained with the blood of their innocent children.

THIS cruel fiend, revolving in his diabolical breast the former deeds of hell's cruel monarch, despised ignoble idleness. I will arise, said he, I will arise to earth, I will know the meaning of the sentence, Man shall die.—I will help on his doom.—I will kill. He then, with hasty wing, flew through the gate of hell. He observed, and went in the footsteps that Lucifer trode, through ancient Night, and the boisterous empire of Chaos. As a noble ship fitted out for theft, steers with full sail through the vast ocean, and stopping on the coast of Hesperia, surprises the peaceable inhabitants of some joyful village; takes prisoner the active youth, while fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and inconsolable wives mourn on the shore, pursuing with their sorrowful eyes the pirates, who, with full sail, soon disappear from sight.

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THE horrid Anamelech long flew with rapidity through the miserable empire of hell, till at length he observed a faint discovery of the created world. As a malefactor meditating some horrid murder in the darkness of the silent night, proceeds to put in execution his bloody design, through the darkness towards the city, and finds it on every side enlightened, is struck with terror, and would willingly screen himself from every eye; thus the vile spirit was agitated with terror while he traversed the immense sphere which surrounded the earth. On his arrival on this globe, his observing eye soon found out the residence of man, and he descended into the shady garden.

It is here, man, the favourite of heaven, resides, said he. This earth is cursed, and does not resemble the flourishing garden where he was first placed. Ravishing spot ! now guarded by the flaming sword ; for I saw it while I wandered about the earth : they have forfeited this ; but what is given them is not hell. It may be, that by repenting prayers they have calmed the wrath of their God ; for did not my own conscience torment me, and were not my nature changed, I might, for any thing I see, be happy here : but perhaps their earthly bodies may
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be subject to sickness and troubles unknown to ethereal substances. Alas! I see some of the angelical host ministering to them, though under the Divine displeasure. I must endeavour to escape their sight, otherwise all my designs will be rendered fruitless, and I shall become the derision rather than the admiration of the Devil, and the flatterers who are about his throne. At a distance I observe the family of sinners, but I see no signs of misery: their troubles, perhaps, do not begin till after death. I will endeavour to know if their hearts are open to temptation. I will, by my subtleties, tempt them to new sins, that may hasten them to punishment. The Devil but too easily succeeded with the heads of the family, while they yet were innocent. Now they are fallen by sin, and the malediction of their God, it can be no hard matter to subvert them. No: I shall tempt them to commit sins so black, that their heavenly watch shall leave the earth with astonishment, and he who created them shall have no mercy on them, but exterminate this ungrateful race, or turn them into the burning abyss; then on our scorching lake we shall triumph, while those ungrateful inhabitants of this new world are everlastingly burning, cursing themselves and their righteous Judge.

Ah!

Ah ! I see one of them whose countenance bears the marks of displeasure: he has a wildness in his looks which renews my hopes. - I will make my first trial on him. His companion mourns. I will endeavour to learn the occasion of her tears.

THE wicked spirit unseen by human eyes, followed Cain and his wife, sedition and murder engrossing his thoughts. When they entered the bower, the unholy spirit said after them, in malicious derision: Rise above the troubles that force themselves into thine heart. Drive these thoughts of despair far from thee, that would make thy life uncomfortable. Then quitting irony, to give utterance to the devilish malice by which he was agitated, No, said he, fruitful repentance shall never take place in thine unthankful heart. I will erase it. Those clouds of melancholy and despair which thou endeavourest to dispel, shall return to thy troubled heart, black as those which cover with the most dreadful darkness the tops of the infernal mountains. My task will not be very hard; if thou endeavourest to gather them, I will powerfully assist thee. It will be a delightful task to me to help thee in all thy difficulties. Yes, I will heap them on thy brow: distraction and troubles yet unknown
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to mankind, shall force themselves among mortals: thy days shall be clouded with horror and darkness, and these favourites of heaven shall taste the cup of God's indignation poured forth for apostate angels.

BRIGHT Aurora again began to gild the tops of the mountains, inspiring songs and gaiety, when Cain, with his instruments of husbandry, was going to the field. Abel had enquired after his health, and was leading his flocks to their pastures, still wet with the night dew. Mahala and Thirza were coming hand in hand towards the grove which surrounded the altar. They stood still to salute their brothers, but were struck with surprise, when Eve came to them from her bower, with looks of the utmost distress. They were all seized with trouble and grief, and approaching her, cried, with sighs, O our mother! you weep—Why weep you? Eve at this question redoubled her tears, then endeavouring to suppress her grief, she looked at them with tenderness, while sobs interrupted her words, and said, O my children! did you not hear dreadful groans come from our bower? The most agonizing pains have come upon your father this night, and now he groans with some disease that seems to afflict even his bones. He endeavours to screen his pain:
—He

—He would prevent the groans that proceed from my heart. He suppresses his mournings, and strives to hide his troubles from me. But, O my children, the most sensible affliction has taken possession of his soul, and his aching heart admits of no consolation. When he seems composed and easy, an instant after, he groans with the most severe pain: a cold sweat covers his face, and dreadful shiverings affect his whole body. O my dear children! dreadful apprehensions fill my mind. Support me, my daughters; support your distressed mother, sinking under the weight of trouble. Let us hasten to your father. EVE, followed by her mourning children, came to her spouse, lamenting, and leaning on the arm of Mahala.

WITH sorrowful countenances they surrounded the bed of the sick Adam, who then lay uneasy. His countenance and motions discovered, that, notwithstanding he suffered pain, his soul was serene. He cast on his sorrowful children a look of tender affection. He even seemed to smile upon them, and said, The hand of the Almighty, my beloved children, is upon me: my distressed bowels are racked with pain; but praised be the Lord, who over-rules all things by unerring wisdom, it may be these pains are sent to unloose
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the bands that unite my soul to this mortal body. If it is now to return to the dust of which it was made, I submit to all the dispensations of Thy wise Providence, and wait with patience and resignation that period. I will submit myself to Thee, who hast the keys of hell and death. When this union is dissolved, I shall be delivered from this body of sin and death, and sing praises of Thee for ever and ever. O God of peace, condescend to be my support; enable me to bear with patience my present pain, in full hope of a glorious immortality. I implore, that when I go through the valley and shadow of death, thy arm may support and comfort me.

HE then cast his dim eyes on our dear mother, who was weeping at his side, and said, Eve, whom I dearly love, and you, my dear children, forbear your excessive grief, for it discomposes me, and adds to my distress. Give over, my beloved! cease these mournful sighs and lamentations. The Lord may yet remove the distemper I labour under, and bring me back from the gates of death. I may live to praise him in the land of the living. I am resigned to the good pleasure of my God, and wait with patience the determination of his will. Do you also, the
wife

wife of my bosom, and you, my dear offspring, acquiesce, with submission and humble gratitude, in the Divine dispensations. Habituate your minds to a constant chearful compliance to the Divine will, when it shall please the Almighty Creator to unclothe me of this earthly frame, and remove me from you. Adam ceased to speak. Grievous pains again seized him, and he could only utter mournful groans.

WHEN his pains abated, he looked on all around him with great attention, but his eyes were more particularly fixed on Eve, who was overcome with her deep distress: her sorrows increased those of her husband, and to revive her he went on with his advice: I make no doubt, but that the death-bed of the first sinner will have something terrifying in it to those who are present: but it will be more dreadful to the person who shall be the first victim. O may that merciful God, whose promises never fail, be my comfort and consolation, and cause of triumph in that distressing hour! I find nature fails. I want rest.——Let it be the employment of you, my dear children, to pray to the Almighty for my recovery: that he may send such refreshing sleep as may restore me to my wonted health.

ADAM

ADAM gave over speaking. His children saluted his trembling lips, and obeyed his commands without delay, retiring from the bower to supplicate the mercy-seat. With hearts pierced with grief, they left the cottage. Eve only remained. I would sleep, said the father of men to his spouse, who sat near his bed, drowned in tears; why, my dearest, dost thou let thy grief overcome thee? Thy sorrow gives me pain. At last he covered his face with the bed-clothes, to conceal from his help-mate the troubles and distress he laboured under. He said to himself, Is this the time so full of terror? I am afraid it is. Great God, how terrible!—Forfake me not, O my Creator!—Abandon me not in my last moment. How refreshing is my consolation, that the consequences of the curse pronounced by my unhappy fall is removed by the promised atonement! Though the same troubles and pangs that now afflict me by a natural death will be the same to all my posterity. What can be produced by a dying root but dying branches?—All my posterity shall be subject to death!—I have subjected all my posterity to death:—all, like me, must be taken away from those they love and esteem—from those whose endearing conversation softened all the troubles in life.

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My dear love! what trouble and anguish will tear thy heart! What moans wilt thou make over my lifeless clay! Terrifying prospect! Will not those that are to be born tremble, when the helpless orphan shall lament the loss of its father, torn from it by death in its full prime! Or when aged parents shall be deprived of their children who were the pleasure and joy of their declining life? When the dearest relations shall water the graves of their beloved friends, then on my memory throw no reproaches, O my offspring: let my dust rest in peace. But blessed be our merciful Creator, that the last enemy, Death, is conquered by the living Redeemer. The soul that is united to him shall triumph over death, and by his atonement shall enjoy never-ending felicity in his heavenly kingdom. Ye ought not then, O my children, to curse my dust. Our time on earth is not properly life: it is but the beginning of life: a tiresome dream. I am not afraid of death. As it is, by dying I shall live. I wait with patience, knowing this, that to be with my God is far better than life! Such were the meditations of Adam, when a sweet sleep was shed over his senses.

Eve sat lamenting and dropping tears by the side of her sleeping husband, and in a mournful

mournful silence bemoaned over him. What evils do I feel! said she to herself. O the cursed consequence of sin! Let the whole burden of it fall on me. I was the first sinner. It is just that I should suffer first, who was the first offender. I feel the weight of misery already of all my unhappy offspring. Their pains and sorrows pierce me to the very heart. O my dearest life! if thou diest — How I tremble at the thought! — My whole frame is seized with agony. Can the pains of death be more dreadful? If thou art going to die for my fault, O Adam! if these pains are to unloose the bands of life, curse me not. Add not to my intolerable troubles thy displeasure; and ye, my children, curse not your wretched mother. Wretched as I am, I deserve your compassion. I am pleased you do not upbraid me with my sin and folly; but alas! my own conscience stings me to the quick: I am my own tormentor. O merciful God Almighty, let my cries come up before thee; remove his disease. But if his sickness is unto death, may it please thee to take us both into thy heavenly glory. Let me be the first sufferer, as I was the first aggressor, and let me not see his miserable exit. Eve remained insensible, weeping by the side of her husband.

IN spite of the roughness of Cain's disposition, he shed tears at the troubles and discourse of his father. - He returned to the fields when he left the cottage, and thus said to himself: I was heartily sorry to see the troubles that afflicted my dear father. I am in hopes he will not die at this time. O merciful God, spare this dear parent whom I love so affectionately; and though I cannot express my sorrow as some others do, who are drowned in tears; and some may think that Abel, who sheds more tears, is more affectionate: yet I love my father as well as he.

ABEL, overwhelmed with sorrow, went into his green fields. He laid himself on the ground, and bowed his head on the grass, which he bedewed with his tears, and lifted his voice to the Physician both of soul and body.

WILT the most profound adoration I would praise thee, O my God! Thou rulest the affairs of mortals with unerring wisdom, unalterable truth, and infinite goodness. Though overwhelmed with sorrow, I throw myself at thy footstool; and blessed be the God of grace, thou hast permitted the sinner to wrestle with thee. I would, with the most profound resignation say, let the will
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of the Lord be done. I rest satisfied, knowing that thy tender mercies are over all thy works. If it be the pleasure of thy goodness, restore our common parent——restore to our dear distressed mother the beloved of her joys, without whom she will always be inconsolable in this world; restore to us, his dear children, an affectionate father, whom we so dearly love——restore him, O most merciful and gracious God, that we may be blessed with his sweet company and instructions for many years to come. Thou who commandest all things, the winds and the waves obey thee, speak the word, and thy servant shall be healed. O spare him, that he may declare thy goodness and tender mercies in the land of the living: spare him to teach us his infant-offspring thy ways. O let not the Lord be angry, that I who am but dust and ashes call upon thy name in his behalf. If thou hast determined that this shall be the time of his death, let thy rod and thy staff comfort him when he goes through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and let us chearfully comply with this mournful dispensation of thy holy and wise providence.

THIS was the prayer of Abel. He was still prostrate on the earth, from which he

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was

was roused by a distant voice. Sweet odours were wafted around, and before him stood the angel of the covenant in shining beauty. On his chearful brow he wore a wreath of roses, and his smile was resplendent as the rising sun. He said, with a gracious voice, The Lord hath heard thy prayer, O Abel, and attended to thy supplications. He hath given thee the desires of thine heart. He hath commanded me to assume this likeness, and to bring thee consolation and succour. The faithful God, who constantly watches over his creatures; who regards with an eye of pity the crawling insect as well as the archangel arrayed in glory, has commanded this earth to bring forth salutary remedies for the diseases of its inhabitants, whose bodies, by the fall, are exposed to pain and distress, which will by degrees lead them to death and to corruption, the effects of having disobeyed their Maker. Abel, take these herbs, and these flowers; they are medicines to restore health to thy father: boil them in the fine water of the limpid stream; let him drink and be whole.

THE angel having given him the restorative herbs, vanished. Struck with inexpressible amazement, he continued some time motionless, breathing the devout gratitude of

of his soul, in this short ejaculation: What am I, O Lord? what am I, that thou shouldst thus answer my prayer? I am but sinful dust and ashes. My soul doth magnify thee who hast condescended to accept the supplications of a worm.

THIS overflowing joy gave him wings. He ran to his bower, and with the utmost expedition prepared the healing decoction. This done, he flew to his father. Eve was still drowned in tears, and her daughters mourning by her side. They saw with joy his eagerness, the gladness which sparkled in his eyes, and the smile which sat on his countenance. Dry up your tears, my dear friends, said he as he entered. Mourn no more, O my mother! the Lord hath heard our prayers. He hath sent us relief. The angel of the covenant hath appeared to me in the meadows. He hath given me healing herbs and plants, gathered by his heavenly hand. Boil these, said he, in the water of a clear fountain, and they will restore health to thy father. They heard his words with joy, and returned thanks to the Lord with gratitude and humble faith. Adam drank the healing draught, and soon found its salutary effects. Adam now sat up on his bed, and with devout fervency offered up

his grateful thanks; then taking the hand of Abel, he pressed it to his lips, and shed tears of joy on it, saying, O my son, blessed be that God who hath sent me relief! and hath accepted thee and thy supplication, and has made thee the messenger of such glad tidings and kind succour. All the family joined in rendering praise to the Most High.

Cain at this instant came into the house of his father. While he was in the field he was perplexed with care and anxiety: I will, said he, go again to my father; it may be he needs my assistance. Perhaps he is not dead. I have not received the last blessing from his mouth. I will hasten to him. I love my father.

When he entered the bower, he saw with admiration their joy. He heard Adam bless Abel. Mahala, his wife, ran to him, and saluting him, said, The Lord, my beloved, hath sent us relief by the hand of Abel. Cain came near the bed of Adam, and kissing his hand, said, I rejoice, O my father! Praised be God who restores thee to our prayers; but, O my father, have you no blessing for me? You blessed my brother, by whom the Lord sent you help: bless me also, even me your first-born. Adam giving him
him

him a pleasant look, and pressing his hand between both his, said, I give thee my blessing, O Cain! be blessed of God, O my first-born! May the mercy of the Lord always remain with thee! May thine heart enjoy peace and serenity, and may thy soul be composed! Cain then embraced his brother, as had all the family.

Cain went from his father's bower; but it was to retire into the dark cavern of a rock shaded with trees, where, oppressed with grief, he repeated after Adam, Peace and serenity—and my soul be composed——How can I enjoy this serenity?——Where shall I find composure? Was I not forced to pray for a blessing, while his love made him, unasked, pour forth his soul in blessings on my happy brother? He has given me my rank of first-born; what advantage is this superiority? my inheritance is hardships; my portion anguish. It is by the hand of Abel the Lord hath restored health to our father. I am despised. The bright messenger of heaven did not appear to me; they pass by me with contempt: they shew no regard to my supplications. While I exhaust my strength in the tillage of the field; while I earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, under the scorching sun, the angels hold fellowship with him,

whose delicate hands are not bedaubed by labour; who lies idle tending his flocks, or, with female softness, is shedding tears because the shining dew glitters on the grass and herbage, or the setting sun tinges the clouds with purple. Happy favourite! all nature smiles on thee. I only feel the curse: I only am obliged to spend my strength in the labours of the field. The whole weight of the divine wrath falls on my miserable head. I am in every thing wretched. Thus ruminating in his melancholy brain gloomy thoughts, the offspring of malice and envy, he wandered in the dark shade.

THE sun was setting behind the blue mountains, and reflected on the clouds a crimson red, when Adam said to his wife, I will, my beloved, before the sun set, return thanks to God, the great Physician, who has restored my health. He arose out of bed, full of strength and vigour, and repaired to the entrance of his bower, conducted by his daughters. The setting sun spread a clear light over the fields: Adam fell down on his knees, and saw with transport the country thus enlightened. Here am I, said he, with humbled fervour—here am I, my sovereign Maker, prostrate before thy face, filled with a lively sense of thine infinite goodness.

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The tormenting pains are gone that pierced my bones, and burned up my vitals. Yet in the midst of my troubles, my soul lost not her hope; she placed her trust in God, and was not disappointed. The Almighty gave a gracious ear to the complaints and cries of a wretched apostate: He regarded the voice of a worm. Health was restored: Pain and sorrow fled away. The grave shall not yet triumph over my dust; I shall still praise my God in the land of the living. I will praise thee, O my God! I will praise thee from the rising to the setting sun. While my soul remains in this body of clay it shall tell of thy wonders with gratitude; but it will praise thee in more exalted strains, when freed from this mortal state, it shall rise incorruptible and refined; it shall then behold thee face to face, clothed in all the lustre of thy bright magnificence. O ye angels, resplendent in light! cast your eyes on this dwelling of sinners, this abode of death. The earth shook from its foundation, when it became defiled by sin, and its Almighty Maker pronounced his curse upon it. Yet on this earth he now makes known the wonders of his mercy. Tune your golden harps to his praise. Exalt his name in angelic strains, while man, mortal man, can only list his

rapture. Praise the Lord, O sun! let thy retiring beams make known his praise. When thy morning rays enlightened this earth, I groaned, surrounded with pain: when they enlightened my dwelling, I met them with sighs: ere they have given place to the grey twilight, I am returning thanks to the Lord of life, who hath restored my health. Praise the Lord, ye lofty mountains, and ye hills scattered over the plain; mine eyes shall still behold, from your tops, the glowing brightness of the rising and the setting sun. Praise the Lord, O ye birds, who salute the early dawn; your song shall still please mine ear. Ye winding rivulets, I shall again repose my weary limbs on your flowery banks; again be lulled to sleep by your soft murmurs; and ye groves, ye bowers, ye woods, I shall still walk under your shades: ye shall again shield me from the sun's scorching beams, when rapt in profound meditation I shall wander in your fragrant retreats. Praise the Lord, all nature; for I will worship and adore the God of nature, who supported me in my distress, and brought me back from the gates of death.

ADAM thus praised the Lord, while the whole creation was attentive to his prayer, and seemed to rejoice at his return to heath.

The

The glorious orb of day darted on him its last rays. The young zephyrs wafted on their ambrosial wings the ravishing perfumes of the groves and gardens, as if commanded by the God of nature, to put out all their sweets to entertain him. The winged songsters saluted him with their softest notes, rejoicing at his happy recovery.

Cain and Abel came into the bower, while Adam was yet on his knees. They saw with pleasure their father restored to health. The prayer ended, Adam arose from the earth; he saluted, and received the salutes of his overjoyed children: he kissed, with delight, the lips of our general mother; after which he, his spouse, and their daughters returned to their cottage. Abel then addressing himself to Cain, said, Let us also, my dear brother, give thanks to the ever-living God, who has restored to our prayers our affectionate parent. I will, by the light of the moon, which is now rising, offer a young lamb on my altar: wilt not thou also make an offering on thy altar?

Cain, with an enraged and angry countenance, said, Yes: I will make an offering to the Lord of what my barren fields afford. Abel with holy piety answered, O my brother, the Lord our God esteems a contrite

heart more than ten thousand bullocks, rams, or the fat of lambs.

CAIN replied, the fire of heaven will perhaps consume thine offering, for by thine hand the Lord sent health to our father—I am rejected. Notwithstanding that, I will make my offering. I am, as well as thee, filled with gratitude. Our father, who is restored to our desires, is equally as dear to me as to thee. Let the Lord do with me, unhappy being! as he pleases.

ABEL affectionately threw himself on the neck of Cain, and said, Alas! my brother, my dear brother! dost thou make the Lord's having made me an instrument to carry relief to our father a new occasion of discontent? I was charged with this commission for the whole family. All prayed to the Lord: the prayers of all were answered. Discharge from thy bosom, my dear brother——let me intreat thee to discharge for ever those gloomy ideas. The Lord, who penetrates into the inmost recesses of our hearts, can see there unholy thoughts, and secret repinings. Love me as I love thee. Offer thine offering; but suffer it not to be defiled by any impure thoughts. May the Lord, O my brother, accept thy offering, and graciously shed his blessings on thee.

CAIN

CAIN made no reply; but went towards the field, and Abel, looking after him with a pitying eye, repaired to his meadows. Both approached to their altars. Abel killed a young lamb, and laid on his altar sweet smelling flowers, and herbs, and put fire to the offering, with humble gratitude praising the Lord. The flame ascended to heaven in the dark night, and enlightened the fields and pastures. The Lord commanded the winds not to blow, because the sacrifice was acceptable.

CAIN laid on his altar the fruits of the field; he put fire to the offering, and also prostrated himself before it. Instantly a horrid sound was heard among the bushes. A furious storm came towards the altar, and blew away the offering of Cain, which covered him with smoke and flame. He retired; and having prostrated himself before it, stretched out his hands towards heaven, filled with terror, when a majestic voice coming out from the darkness, uttered these awful words, Why tremblest thou? Why has terror seized thy looks? There is yet time; mourn and repent, and I will pardon thy sin: if thou dost not, thy crime and punishment shall pursue thee for ever. Why
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hatest thou thy brother! He loves thee: he honours thee with fraternal affection.

CAIN overcome with horror, fled from the place of sacrifice, a furious wind driving after him the infected smoke of the offering. Struck with fear, he wandered through the darkness. His heart fainted within him, and cold sweat ran down his face. He beheld at a distance the bright flame of his brother's sacrifice ascending to heaven. At this view a furious madness seized him, and gnashing his teeth, he cried, Ah, there is the sacrifice of the favourite! I will turn my eyes away from this hateful sight. Another look would fill my soul with all the rage of the infernals. I cannot help cursing in my heart this darling of heaven, and delight of his father. I cannot help cursing him with wrathful anger. I am resolved to put a period to this wretched life. I will not upbraid my father for suffering himself to be seduced, and thereby intailing misery on his posterity: nor will I upbraid my mother for being the instrument of his seduction. Was I to appear before them in the frenzy I am seized with, my agonies, my terrors, my insupportable wretchedness would shew the distress their fatal apostacy intailed on their descendants. Ah! no. Revenge not, wretched man—revenge
not

not thyself on a father, by bringing before his eyes a spectacle of such horror. Seized with terror, he would expire at the sight, and I should, if possible, be more wretched. The wrath of the Lord lies heavy on me—He rejects mine offering. I am the most miserable creature on the face of the earth: the beasts of the field, the reptiles of the ground are happy in comparison of me, and are worthy of my envy. O merciful God! if it be possible, extend thy pity to me. Turn from me, O God! thy fierce wrath, or again annihilate me.—— But what do I say? O hard stoney heart! I have strayed from thy paths: my heart has been estranged from thee, the fountain of all happiness, and therefore thou in justice hast rejected my offering, because I did not offer it with a pure heart and clean hands. But turn thou unto me for thy mercies sake; for as thy loving-kindness is better than life, so thy wrath and displeasure is worse than death.

T H E
D E A T H
O F
A B E L.

B O O K IV.

CAIN, filled with the blackest despair, left his cottage before the day dawned, when all nature was hushed in sleep. Mahala his spouse had employed the midnight-hours in weeping and praying, not imagining she was heard by her husband. Despair was visible in his countenance, which went not unperceived by so loving a wife. She raised her supplicating eyes to heaven, with outstretched hands, and entreated for mercy and forgiveness: she prayed that the
Divine

Divine consolations of grace might soothe and soften the heart of her dejected husband. Her poignant grief, her sincere devotion, as she was fearful of awaking him, were expressed only in silent sighs and tears. Yet some sighs had escaped, and her mourning had reached the ears of Cain, who, unable to bear her grief, wandered in the early dawn. His complaining voice was heard through the fields and groves, like the roaring of the most savage beasts. Night! frightful night! full of horror, said he. What dismal terrors surround me and waste my spirit! What fears! When balmy sleep had calmed my ruffled passions, and stilled my grief, the voice of mourning awoke me. Alas! I only awake to be overwhelmed in wretchedness by all, but particularly by my affectionate wife. Shall I never more enjoy quiet? Why did she pray and weep for me? She does not know that my offering was rejected—Her tears multiply my distress.—I cannot bear her mourning—her tears add to my misery——They drive peace from my heart. This day, like the last, must be spent in sorrow and mournful groanings; while a divine benignity approves of and rewards every action of my brother:—while he enjoys every pleasing sensation, terrors and distress

trials overcome me. O Mahala, my soul is wrapped up in thee! Thy happiness is dearer to me than my own; but thy lamentations have bereft me of the pleasure I enjoyed, while my miseries were hushed in sleep.

He laid himself down under a bush that grew on the side of a hill; O balmy sleep, said he, restore me here thy healing blessings. Miserable that I am, distressed by fatigue and terror, I welcomed thee in my bower. Scarce hadst thou spread over me thy refreshing pinions, when the voice of sorrow drove thee from mine eyes. Here is none to trouble my repose, except beings inanimate, influenced by the wrath of heaven, can drive peace from me even in this solitary retreat. O earth, which by a just curse requires such laborious work--Alas! my labour tends only to prolong a life of wretchedness:—let me now, at least, on thy lap, find some moments of repose, to repair my exhausted vigour. I desire no other happiness. I know no greater pleasure. He remained silent. He laid himself on the fragrant grass, and the power he had invoked spread his wings over him.

ANAMELECH, though unperceived, followed the steps of Cain. He stood now at his
side.

side. A sound sleep, said the diabolical spirit, has closed his eyes. I will remain near him, to accomplish my design, and help forward his destruction. Come to my assistance, ye perplexing dreams; disturb his soul with frightful visions; collect every fancy that can fill him with fury and distraction. Come, Envy, with all thy rancour, burning rage, and every turbulent passion. Thus spoke the impure spirit, and with diabolical intention laid himself near Cain. A boisterous wind arose. It howled in the hollows of the rocks: it tore up, with dreadful roar, the trees, and the hair of Cain stood upright; but it was to no purpose, sleep had so overcome his wearied senses, that it did not awake him.

He saw in a dream a large field, on which were built a number of sorry cottages. He beheld his sons and grandsons scattered over the plain, where they constantly exposed themselves to the mid-day sun, which darted his burning rays on their heads, busy at their painful labours. Sometimes they gathered fruits for their maintenance; at other seasons tilled the earth to receive fresh seeds, or weeded out pernicious roots, for fear they should choak the rising seed, and thereby render their former labours abortive. He beheld also their wives employed in family-labour.

labour. He saw them cooking a frugal meal against the return of their husbands. Eliel his first-born then presented himself before him. He saw him with difficulty take up a heavy burden from the ground: he carried it on his back, staggering under his load: the sweat dropped from his inflamed face, and sorrow and displeasure were seen in his eyes. What a life of trouble! said Eliel. How truly is the prediction fulfilled, which said, Man shall eat his bread by the sweat of his brow! Did the Creator drive from his presence all the children of Adam? or did the malediction affect only the children of the first born? Alas! we the sons of Cain feel it very severely. Our portion is toil and poverty. But behold, in yonder fields, possessed by the sons of Abel, from which our distracted cares have banished us, to these barren deserts, is contained all that can give pleasure to man. There the earth in abundance pours forth her gifts. Those sons of pleasure indulge themselves in fragrant bowers. Nature herself seems to minister to their ease and indolence. Every joy, every pleasure, if joy is to be found on earth, is the portion of that jovial crew. Thus repining, Eliel, with slow pace, went towards the cottages.

CAIN

CAIN was now hurried on imagination's deluding wing to a plain covered over with a luxuriance of flowers, watered by transparent streams, which glided along with soft murmurs near spicy bowers, under the shade of the spreading branches of thick trees. The banks were decorated with lofty cedars, and fruit-trees; the shadows whereof, on the clear water, reflecting the lively colours of their several fruits, formed a new landscape. The streams, after this, meandring thro' the flowery grass, finished their rolling course in a large lake, whose bright surface was smooth, and calm. He perceived at a distance a grove of jessamine, where played the wanton bees, wafting with their melliferous wings the sweets around. The prospect was terminated by a range of lofty orange-trees, which spread their large boughs over the tender flowers. In this charming spot were collected all the beauties which the most luxuriant imagination could devise.

CAIN perceived, in his dream, bleating flocks whiter than the falling snow, frisking in the meadows, or feeding on the plentiful herbage, while the chearful shepherd, whose head was crowned with a wreath of flowers, lay resting under the spreading lime, chanting to the beloved object of his passion an amorous

morous song. There boys blooming as the loves, and girls sweet as the graces, assembled under arches of interwoven woodbine and myrtle, where, with nimble feet they danced along the plain. The shining juice of the grape sparkled in bright glasses, and refreshing fruits were spread on the tables, covered with flowers, while the still air resounded with melodious musick, echoed by the neighbouring hills. Cain with envy and trouble beheld these children of joy and pleasure. He saw a young man get up in the midst of the joyous assembly, and heard him thus speak to his brethren. I rejoice with you, my jocund friends, I am pleased with our present happiness. The whole creation smiles on us: in this most agreeable spot is united every thing that can captivate the heart, or please the senses; but if we would preserve these beauties, we must cultivate nature. As this task is laborious and troublesome for such as are brought up in ease and plenty, we who enjoy all the pleasures of this delightful spot can never stoop to these low pieces of drudgery. Observe the men who live on yonder plains: they are hardened by labour and exercise. They shall till the ground, and their wives and daughters shall be our servants. What do you say to this, my fellow companions,

nions, who live in ease and luxury? I observe your nod of approbation. We will compel them to this by force. Let us attack them in the dark and gloomy night, after Nature has locked up their senses in sleep; we shall easily take them all prisoners. It is true, this seems somewhat treacherous, as we are more in number than they; but they are men bred up to hardships and fatigue, and are naturally bold, and the miserable manner in which they live may render them desperate. Let us then avoid a battle, in which, suppose we come off victorious, yet we must suffer some loss. The young orator ended his speech, and the whole assembly resounded with his praises, and joined him in the concerting this hellish scheme.

A NEW prospect now presented itself to the eyes of Cain. It was night, and the barbarous contrivance was put in execution. He heard most dismal cries of distress and terror, intermingled with an uproar of insult and triumph. He observed the fields and air enlightened by the flames of the burning cottages; by this terrible light, he saw his children and grand children bound, and with their wives and children quietly going before the children of Abel, like a flock

flock of innocent sheep before the ravenous wolf.

SUCH was Cain's dream. He was perplexed and in disorder, though asleep. Abel observing him at some distance, under the shade of the trees at the bottom of the hill, came near, overjoyed with kind affection, and in a whispering voice accosted him; My dearest brother, I love thee tenderly: I would fain embrace thee, and pour out the sweet sensations of affection with which my heart overflows. Thy uneasiness fills me with pain. I use all my endeavours to remove from thy soul the fatal jealousy that sours thy temper. Awake, O Cain! awake, that my heart may again know the pleasure of reconciliation. But all nature be hushed and still, lest ye disturb his repose. His fatigued body and perplexed mind perhaps may require more of the healing influence of balmy sleep. Alas! his countenance appears pale and wan; his features seem ruffled with anger, and some disturbing passion. O may the God of peace still his tumultuous soul, that so he may awake with chearfulness, and gratefully return thanks to the God of nature, the bestower of every good. After finishing this soliloquy, he prostrated himself before God's throne, imploring his mercy for his brother; whom

whom he loved in the most affectionate manner.

As a roaring lion couching at the foot of a steep rock, who, though asleep, affrights with horror the trembling traveller, and forces him to take a wide circuit to avoid the furious animal, when the killing arrow, in its full flight, wounds his side, suddenly starts, and, with dreadful roar, looks for his enemy. He foams, he rages, his fiery eyes threaten destruction. The first creature he meets is the victim of his rage; it may be an innocent child, playing on the grass with the most beautiful flowers. Thus terrible arose Cain. His eyes wore fiery madness and rage. On his brow a storm of wrath was gathering. The cloud burst. He raved, and stamping his foot on the ground, cried, O ye rocks! O ye mountains! fall on me, and cover me; hide me from myself under your ruins. My life is a continued scene of distress and trouble, and as if this was not enough, I foresee, O mortifying sight! ——— I foresee that my children shall, after me, be involved in my miseries. But I beseech in vain: you cannot cover me. The Almighty Avenger restrains you. I must, such is his will, I must be wretched; and that future evils may rob me of the enjoyment of present good, he himself

self torments me with future fears. Cursed be the hour when it was said, A man-child is born into the world. Cursed be the day in which I was born! May it not be reckoned into the number of the days of the year! and may the ground be barren, and the habitations desolate where I was born.

THESE were the imprecations of Cain, when Abel, terrified with his aspect, ventured to approach him with slow and fearful steps. My dear brother, said he, in a low and trembling voice—No—O my God!—Horror has seized me; this is not my brother, but one of the seditious spirits, whom the Eternal tumbled from heaven, has surely taken his body, under which he utters his blasphemies—Where art thou, my brother?—I come to look for thee—to bless thee, and rejoice over thee.—Where art thou, my brother?

HERE I am, cried Cain, in a loud and furious tone: here I am, thou soft favourite—thou darling of the great Eternal, and of all nature—thou, whose beloved race are one day solely to engross all the felicity of this world. Yes, so it must be. It is reasonable there should be a tribe of slaves, as beasts of burden to the favourites of heaven; their well-

well-turned limbs must not endure the hardships of labour : made only for sensual idleness, these sons of sloth must repose themselves in shady bowers, while—The fury of hell is in my heart—Cannot I—

WITH fear and astonishment, Abel said, O my brother! what terrifying dream has disturbed thy soul? I made search for thee before the break of day: I came in all haste to embrace thee, but how do I find thee troubled! Thou dost not return my affection. When shall unity, when shall joy bless our dwelling? When shall that day come, so earnestly desired by our parents, when brotherly love and social joys shall be re-established? O Cain! Cain! hast thou so soon forgot the pleasures of reconciliation, which so much delighted thee, when, in a transport of joy and friendship, I flew into thine arms? Have I displeased thee, O Cain? if I have, it is unknowingly. But why dost thou cast on me such furious looks? I earnestly desire and beg of thee to forget my involuntary fault, and receive me into thy favour. As Abel pronounced the last words, he stooped down to clasp the knees of his brother: but Cain would not permit him, crying, Ah, thou serpent! wouldst thou deceive me? At the same time, with a revengeful

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arm,

arm, he beat out his brains with a maffy club he had in his hand. Abel fell at his feet. The bones of his head were broken. He once raifed his dying eyes to his cruel brother, and giving him a look of forgiveness, died. His gore fell amongst the waving curls of his fair hair, and ran in a fream at the feet of his murderer.

Cain flood aftonifhed. Frozen with horror, the cold fweat ran from his trembling temples, while he faw with agony the laft convulfions of his dying brother. The reeking blood had ftained his cloaths. Cruel blow! he cried. My brother—Awake—awake, O my brother!—How pale!—His eyes are fixed—The blood flows from his head!—Miferable I was; I am now more fo. Ah! what am I now? Diabolical horrors!—

Thus he bellowed aloud, and threw from him, with great fury, the bloody club; then, with violence, ftruck his temples. He ftooped, and endeavoured to lift the dead body from the ground, crying, Abel!—my brother! awake! Ah! what torments do I feel!—How his head droops!—how it bleeds!—how lifelefs!—Dead! O horror fupportable!—He is dead. My crime is heavier than I can bear. I will fly—Whither fly? My trembling limbs will fcarce carry

ry me. Having spoken thus, affrighted, he hid himself among the trees.

THE malicious dæmon, with triumph in his aspect, hovered near the dead. Lifted up with pride, he stretched his horrible form to its full length, and his appearance was not less dreadful than the black pillar of smoke arising from the bottomless pit, or the burning cottage is to the inhabitants, who returning from their toilsful labours, find all their houses, and all their riches, the prey of the devouring conflagration. Anamelech followed the murderer with his eyes, while a haughty smile spoke his exultation. He then cast on the dead body a look of satisfaction. Ah, pleasing sight! said he, I have the pleasure of feasting my eyes in seeing this earth wet with human blood. The unspeakable pleasures of heaven, before the fatal period, when the Creator of the universe tumbled me from those seats of bliss, never gave me half this delight. Never did the well-tuned harps of the archangels give me such pleasure, as the last groans of a brother killed by a brother; and thou, the noblest part of the creation, what a deplorable figure dost thou now make! Rise, charming youth! rise, thou delight of angels: this inactivity does not become the service of thy God. But he a-

wakes not. His own brother has deserted him, weltering in his blood. No: that honour is due to me. I guided the arm of the murderer. It is by exploits such as Satan himself would triumph in, I shall rise above the vile imps of hell. I hasten to the foot of the infernal throne. The vast abyss of the fiery lake will ring and resound with my praise. I shall walk in triumph through crouds of diabolical spirits, whom no daring exploit has distinguished, and behold with contempt those who till now were accounted my superiors. Elated with pride, he turned once more to feast his eyes with a last view of the sacrifice; but cruel despair instantly inspired his ironic smile and exhausted the triumphant pride which sat on his expanded brow. Jehovah commanded, and inflicted on him infernal horrors: he was swallowed up by a deluge of torture. He now cursed his existence: he cursed eternity, replete with torments; and, howling, fled.

THE last groans of the dying ascended to the throne of God, and brought from Eternal Justice vengeance on the murderer. Thunder was heard from the highest heavens. The angels ceased to sing. The eternal hallelujahs were interrupted. Three times the thunder was heard through the lofty arch of heaven.

heaven. This tremendous sound was succeeded by the majestic voice of the Mighty proclaiming from the throne. It summoned an archangel. The heavenly spirit advanced towards the seat of the Most High, covering his face with his expanded wings: and God said, Death hath made his first triumph over man. Henceforth it shall be thy business to bring together the souls of the just. I myself comforted Abel when he fell. When the righteous man is passing through the valley of death, be thou at his side, comforting him with the assured hope of eternal felicity. Support him in those moments of distress, when his soul, trembling at the view of his past life, is fearful of a separation from its body. Thou shalt then calm his fears, and inspire him with assurance. Thou shalt turn his eyes from my rigorous justice, and fix them on my long suffering and tender mercies. Fly now towards the earth to meet the soul of Abel. Thou, Michael, go with him, and declare to the murderer the sentence denounced against him. Thus spoke the Almighty, and again the thunder thrice echoed through the high arch of heaven. The archangels, with swift wings, passed through the third heaven. The gates of the divine abode flew open to the heaven-

ly messengers; they traversed the boundless expanse, on all sides resplendent, amidst suns without number, and alighted on the earth.

THE angel of death called forth the soul of Abel from the ensanguined dust. It came forward with a smile of joy. The mortal parts of the body put on immortality, and mixed with the balsamic exhalations, wafted by the zephyrs from the flowers, which sprung up within the compass enlightened by the angel, encompassed the soul, forming it a spiritual body. It saw, with a transport till then unknown, the shining messenger coming towards it.

I WELCOME thee, said the heavenly spirit, while love and joy beamed forth in his eyes: I embrace thee, O happy soul! now disengaged from thy encumbering dust. Receive my embraces. It heightens my happiness, that I am chosen by the Most High to introduce thee before his throne where myriads of angels wait to welcome thee. Apprehend, if thou canst, beloved soul! apprehend what it is to see God face to face, and to be ravished for ever with his glory. Thou hast to experience the riches of his grace, the wonders of his love. Thou wilt soon know the immense rewards he hath prepared for those
who

who love him. O thou, who hast put off this earthly body to be cloathed in light, I once more welcome thee.

ALLOW me also to embrace thee, heavenly friend, the soul replied : and overpowered by the brightness of celestial glory, it leaned on the angel. O ravishing bliss ! While my soul was imprisoned in the cottage of clay, from which it is now released, I meditated in solitude, by the mild and soft light of the unclouded moon, and the sparkling stars, on the charms of virtue, and the glories of my God. These sublime objects, even then, raised me above myself, and I experienced, without being sensible of it, a faint dawn of the happiness I at present taste. But how much more attractive now are the beauties of holiness ! How are my comprehensions of the divine attributes exalted and enlarged ! What new conceptions ! What are now the charms of sublunary things ! O Sun, where is now thy dazzling brightness ! The enraptured soul again saluted the angel, and continued to express its transports of joy. Eternal happiness now is mine ; all sublunary cares are at an end. I shall for ever be employed in praising my merciful God, who with unbounded mercy bestows never-ending felicity on the soul that

puts his trust in him, and delights in the practice of virtue. For ever shall I exalt his name; for ever shall I sing his praise, for I shall now see him as he is.

Thus did these two happy spirits converse together, and interchange reciprocal embraces. Follow me, my charge, said the archangel; follow my flight. Let us remove from this earth: nothing here can be of any worth to thee but thy fellow-saints. Repine not to bid them adieu; for after a few more days or years, they also will partake of thy happiness. At present the heavenly host wait with anxiety thy coming. Haste to salute your new friends, and join with them in incessant hallelujahs to the Great Creator.

I FOLLOW thee, said the righteous soul. Into what an ocean of delight and felicity art thou carrying me, my dear and faithful conductor, whose nature is so far above mine! O my beloved friends! whom I leave still cloathed in mortality, who must still remain in this vale of tears; when the days of your lives are ended; when the hour of your dissolution cometh, and the celestial angel shall introduce you, I will accompany him; for at the foot of the Almighty's throne I will beg this favour. With what joy

joy shall I see your pure and holy spirits ascend from this seat of corruption, from the dominions of death! And thou too, Thirza, my dear and beloved help-mate, when thou hast yet a little longer mourned over my mouldering dust, and hast reared to virtue the tender infant that now begins to stammer forth its thoughts, thou must be the prey of death. What joy, when thy soul, delivered from a body of sin and death, shall be conducted into mine arms!

THUS spoke the spirit of Abel; and flying through the air, began to lose sight of the earth. As his eyes were taking a last look of the cottage, whose inhabitants were still dear to him, he observed his brother. Remorse was imprinted on his countenance. His wringing hands were held over his head. He suddenly lifted up his eyes to heaven, then, mad with despair, struck with repeated blows his aching breast. He cast himself in agony on the earth, and tumbled in the dust. Tears of sorrow dropped from the eyes of the happy spirit, and he drew his eyes from the frightful scene. His heavenly guide was now joined by myriads of angels. The tutelar spirits of the just surrounded the celestial travellers: they welcomed the soul of Abel on its deliverance from a body of sin

and death; they embraced him with holy joy; and having conveyed him to the borders of the terrestrial atmosphere, they reclined on a crimson cloud, and, to the soft lute and silver harp, joined the melody of their celestial voices, singing in concert.

HE ascends! the new inhabitant of heaven rises to his native land! Rejoice with him, ye bright constellations, which roll in the immensity of space. Render homage with gladness to the earth, your companion. What glory to that opaque sphere, to have nourished in its dust a being prepared for the joys of immortality! Glow, ye fields, with brighter verdure; reflect, ye hills, a purer light!

HE rises! the new inhabitant of heaven rises to his native land! Legions of angels wait his arrival at the celestial gates. With what joy will they welcome their new companion to the seats of bliss! they will crown him with unfading flowers. What will be his joy when he is led by the still waters; when, under those flowering trees which are for the healing of the nations, he joins the heavenly choir in their songs of praise, ascribing glory, honour, power and dominion, to the Source of happiness, that sits on the throne.

ALREADY have we celebrated the day
went

when his soul descended from the hand of its Creator, and entered into its body of clay. Already, O festive day! hast thou been celebrated, and we will still celebrate thee. We observed his dawning mind increase in every grace: it grew to maturity and strength, like the lilly in the spring. We have seen with joy his desires after perfection. Invisible we have beheld the uniformity of his life, the consistency of his actions. We have joined in his devout praises, we have partaken of his tender sorrow; his penitent tears have given joy to angels. A desire to please God was his motive, and eternal truth his guide. For ever shall he enjoy the rewards laid up for those who love and fear God.

HE ascends! the new inhabitant of heaven ascends! He is conveyed to the regions of joy! receive him, ye angels of light! crown him with heavenly glory! honour him whom the Most high delighteth to honour. Yonder, on the earth, like a withered flower, lies the dust his spirit has abandoned. Mother Earth, receive it into thy bosom. Again receive the precious dust. Each spring it shall produce sweet-smelling flowers. Each year we will commemorate

the day on which his holy soul quitted the earth.

THUS the angels sung; then, borne on their lucid cloud, descended to the earth.

CAIN, wounded with despair, wandered amongst the trees and bushes. He roved from place to place; but change of situation diminished not the horror that had taken possession of his distressed mind. Thus the traveller in vain quickens his pace, in vain exerts his skill and strength, to avoid an enraged serpent. The reptile pursues him with its poisonous breath; it encircles his limbs; it fixes its sting. Where shall he fly from torture? Already convulsions seize his wounded breast, the mortal poison flows to his heart. So Cain vainly endeavoured to fly his distress. O that I could no more behold the streaming blood, he cried: I fly, but the innocent blood pursues me still—still it runs at my feet. Where shall I fly? —Where?—Miserable that I am—His last looks!—What have I done? This dreadful deed is the work of hell—I already feel its torments! I have, with him, murdered his unborn offspring—Ah! What noise it that among the trees?—Why sighs the dead?—Away, haste far away, my weary limbs, from the pursuing blood—far away from the dreadful

dreadful sight of death!——Force me away, ye trembling legs, besprinkled with a brother's blood, to hell. At these words, he ran with fast and unequal steps.

AN awful voice he heard from the clouds, saying, Cain, where is thy brother?——I know not, said he; O miserable me—Am I my brother's keeper? continued he stammering, and falling back, pale as the lifeless corpse of Abel. Loud claps of thunder now burst from the cloud. All nature blazed around him; and Michael, the archangel, stood before him armed with a flaming sword. On his majestic brow were imprinted the threatenings of the Lord. In his right hand he held the forked lightning, and extended his left hand over the hardened sinner. He spoke and it again thundered. Stop, criminal! Hear thy sentence. Thus saith the Lord, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me from the earth. Thou art cursed on the earth, which hath received the blood of thy brother, shed by thy hand. To thee it shall be for ever barren, and thou shalt be a vagabond on the face of the earth. The affrighted sinner was speechless and immoveable: his head reclined, and his eyes fixed on the ground, while his heart was torn with trouble, like that of
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the impious atheist, when God, terrible in judgment, shakes the earth, and cleaves the tombs, and he sees the sumptuous palaces of sinners fall into ruins; the pillars of the earth shake; while his ears are distressed with the groans of the dying, the sobs of grief, and the shrieks of despair. In this convulsion of nature, thick smoke and flames burst from the fiery abyss. Wild with horror, he attempts to fly; he staggers on the trembling earth; he reels; he falls. Equal horror shook the murderer. He attempted to speak, but only inarticulate stammerings proceeded from his trembling lips, while terror still kept his eyes fixed on the earth. At length he roared in a voice which spoke his trouble, My crime is too great—ah, much too great ever to be forgiven! Now, O just God! thou hast cursed me on the earth, and where can I hide myself from thy presence?—Banished from society—a vagabond—the first who meets me will slay me, and rid the earth of an infamous fratricide.

A VENGEANCE seven fold more grievous than thine shall fall on him who sheds thy blood, said the angel, speaking again from the cloud. Dark disquietude and gnawing remorse are strongly imprinted on thy brow. Thou shalt be known by these marks; and
all,

all, on seeing thee, shall quit the road made by thy wandering feet, crying, There goes Cain the murderer. The angel having thus denounced the divine anathema, disappeared. Thunder again was heard from heaven. A dreadful storm tore up by the roots the trees and bushes, with a noise more terrible than the cries of a malefactor suffering under the agonies of penal torture.

CAIN stood astonished. Despair blazes in his eyes: yet fierceness was still seen on his horrid brows. The furious winds shook his erected hair. Wild fear at length forced from his livid and quivering lips these terrible accents: Why has he not destroyed me?—Wherefore not annihilated me, that no traces of me might remain on the earth? Why was I not killed by his lightnings? Why did not his thunder strike me to the depth of hell? But his anger reserves me for perpetual sufferings—sufferings without end. Shunned and abhorred by my fellow creatures—all nature detests me—I abhor myself—Already the companions of guilt haunt me; shame, remorse, despair.—Banished from human society, shut out from God, I shall, while I remain on earth, feel the torments of hell. I feel them now. Cursed be thou, O arm! which so readily executed the fury
of

of passion! Mayest thou wither on my body like the blighted branch of a tree! Cursed be the hour when a dream from hell deceived me, and thou infernal fiend who tempted me to it! Where art thou now, that I may curse thee! Art thou gone back to hell? Mayest thou there suffer eternally what I now feel! Nothing worse can I wish thee. This is your triumph, ye spirits of darkness! Gaze on, ye devils, and rejoice at my misery!—Spent with agony, he sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and remained without strength, voice, or motion, as if dead; then starting, he cried, Ha! what noise is that? it is the voice of my murdered brother!—he groans!—I see his streaming blood! O my brother! my brother! in pity to my deplorable anguish, forbear to haunt me! He now remained sitting in speechless agony, sighs only bursting from his tormented heart.

In the mean time Adam, with his lovely spouse, having left their cottage, came forth to meditate, and enjoy the fragrance and beauty of the early dawn. With what majesty does the sun dart his early rays! cried Eve. How they gild the tops of the mountains and dispel the mists that hover over the valleys! How enchanting the appearance of
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the country ! Let us walk on, my dear, among the dew, till the hour of labour calls thee to the field, and me to our cottage. O my beloved ! this earth is still lovely. See, Adam, how all the creatures rejoice ; the merry songsters in each bush and from each hill, pour forth their melody ! The beasts too, how they frisk and bound, and wantonly chace each other : With what gaiety and life they welcome the morning sun !

ADAM answered, Yes, my dearest, the earth is beautiful ; it still bears visible marks of the bounty of God, and of his infinite goodness, which our folly and ingratitude hath not been able to deface. Yes, his mercy and benevolence exceed the power of words to express, and are too great for a heart overflowing with joy to conceive. Let us hasten, Eve, through those flowery meadows, to the smiling pastures where Abel feeds his flock. Perhaps we may find that devout, that dutiful son, singing his morning-hymn, and, in devout melody praising his Creator.

DEAR Adam, replied Eve, let us go first to the field of Cain. I have in this basket brought a little present for my first born. I have picked out some of the best of my pomegranates, and a few bunches of my best flavoured grapes ; they will be an agreeable repast for him, when

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at noon he retires to the shade, faint and fatigued with labour. Let us go to him first, my spouse, for fain would I banish from his mind the idea that he is not beloved by us with the same affection that we love his brother.

How considerate, my dearest, is thy affection! replied Adam. I will cheartfully go with thee to the field of Cain. Let us carry thy present, that he may not say all our concern and love are placed on Abel: May the serenity of this pleasant morning dispose his heart to the impressions of tenderness! They now redoubled their pace, and hastened towards the open country. How happy, said Eve, as she was proceeding, how happy should I think myself, if, when nature thus smiles and awakens every sentiment of tenderness and joy, our first-born receives us with affection! if his heart is impressed with the soft sensations of filial love!

THEY now came from behind some trees, Eve walking a little before, when suddenly stepping back, she cried, with a tremulous voice, Who lies there?—Adam, who is it that lies there?—He lieth not like one asleep—His face is on the ground—Those yellow locks are Abel's!—Adam, why do I tremble!—Abel, Abel, awake—awake, my son—turn
to

to me thy face. Awake! O awake, dear son from a sleep that freezes me with terror! They approach nearer, What do I see! cried Adam, astonished and retiring back. Blood! blood trickling from his head. He is covered with blood! O Abel!—O my son!—my son!—my dear son! cried Eve, lifting up his arm, stiffened by death, then sunk pale as the object she mourned over, on Adam's throbbing breast. Trouble and grief deprived them both of voice, when Cain, mad with despair, came without design to the place where lay the dead body of his brother; and seeing near the corpse his father speechless, and his mother pale and lifeless in his arms, he cried out trembling, He is dead!—I killed him!—Curst be the hour, O my father! when thou begattest me! And thou, my mother, curst be the time when thou broughtest me forth.—He is dead!—I killed him! repeated he, and in a fit of madness and despair, ran away.

Two lovers, when joined by a sense of their mutual perfections, enjoying sweet conversation, sit near each other. A storm suddenly rises; the subtle lightnings dart—the blue flame quivers over their heads. Each strive to defend each—alas! in vain—embracing still, they seem to be alive, though
really

really dead. Thus our first parents stood pale and silent, without sign of life, except an universal trembling and terror. Adam first recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen. Where am I? he cried, in broken accents. How I tremble!—My God! my merciful God!——Ah, there he lies!——wretched father! What horrors strike my soul!——How can I bear the dreadful thought!—His brother killed him!—he has cursed us! O Abel! O my son! my blood is frozen, and runs cold. Ah miserable father! one son has cursed thee, the other lies before thee wallowing in his own blood. What troubles, what torments have I brought on myself and my wretched posterity! Ah, foul sin! And thou too, Eve, thou awakest not!—How my troubles encrease! Art thou dead also! Am I left alone a prey to grief and anguish?——Yet, O God, in the midst of troubles, I adore thy decrees, I revere thy justice—I am a sinner.—An icy coldness insinuates itself into my beating heart. My eyes fail. O Death, why delayest thou? Abel! O my dear son! He then cast a look on the body. The tears flowed down his venerable cheeks; and with them trickled down the cold sweat. Thou at last awakest, dear Eve, he continued; but alas! to what
inexpressible

inexpressible misery dost thou awake! Ah, what distress is seen in thy weeping eyes, dear companion of my misery!

ADAM, replied Eve, in a fearful accent, the murderer is gone. The voice of cursing thunders no more—I no longer hear the voice of his cursing. Curse me—me alone, barbarous murderer; I was the first sinner. O my child——my child!——O Abel, my dearest son!——She now sunk from the arms of Adam on the dead. My son—my son, she cried, speaking to the breathless corpse: thine eyes are fixed; no more they turn on me.——Awake, Awake!——Alas! I call in vain, he is dead!—That is death—the death with which we were threatened, when cursed by God after the fall. O insupportable torment!—I was the first sinner. O my husband, spouse beloved and dear, thy tears rend my heart. It was I that tempted thee. Of me—of me, O weeping father, demand thy son's blood.——Of me, your brother, my wretched children! me—me curse, murderer of brothers, but spare thy father—I was the first sinner. O my son, my son! thy blood speaks against me—it curses me, miserable parent! Thus lamented the mother of mankind, while her tears watered the congealing blood.

ADAM

ADAM cast on his wife looks full of pity and compassion. Dear Eve, said he, what exquisite pangs thou givest my breaking heart! Give over, I beseech thee, give over thus tormenting me. I conjure thee by our miseries, by our tender love I conjure thee to give over thus reproaching thyself. We both have sinned. We both are guilty. The bitter consequences of our sins are but too sad remembrancers of our ingratitude and folly. But the Almighty, whom we have offended, the God who punishes us, still regards us with a pitying eye ————Yes, my God, we are allowed to pray to thee in our distress. Thou hast not utterly destroyed the sinners. We yet live, Eve, and our souls are secure from death. It can only strip us of this body, subject to pain and grief. Our immortal souls will, if we love God, triumph over death, and enjoy never-fading happiness in the realms of bliss and glory; where we shall behold the light of God's countenance, and incessantly praise him to all eternity. This, my dearest, ought to be our joy, our great consolation; but—his murderer is his brother. Ah! my first-born killed his brother!

Yes, dear son, cried Eve, still weeping
death

death hath delivered thee from trouble, pain, and grief. Thou art no more exposed to sufferings. We should desire to follow thee. Alas! we must still endure trouble, distress, and inquietudes, from which thou art now freed. But can I cease to lament and weep, while I remember thy virtue, thy piety, thy filial love! O Adam, what a dismal sight is now that precious body! Where are those smiles, the sweet expressions of filial tenderness that used to sit on his countenance? How faded, how pale are his bloody cheeks! We shall no more hear from his lips angelic harmony; no more have our souls raised to God by his heavenly conversation; no more will they express the endearing sentiments of his heart! Those eyes, now fixed in death, with what delight and transport have I seen them shed tears of joy, when I have expressed the love, the affectionate love that warmed my heart, charmed with his spotless innocence! Ah, my son! thy weeping mother must for ever mourn thy untimely death. O sin, sin, dreadful are thy consequences! What hideous forms dost thou assume! Abel, dear Abel, I thy mother, thine unhappy mother——thy mournful parent——exquisite misery——am also the mother of thy murderer;——Here her speech again failing, she remained as if dead

dead on the cold body, void of sensation. When ADAM, with a deep sigh, cried, How am I deserted! All around me is a gloomy desert. Nature seems to have put on a face of mourning. No longer she smiles on me. Alas, he is dead!—he who filled my life with pleasing consolation, sweet pleasure, and gladdening hope, is now no more! Dear Abel, is it possible that thou art dead?—Is it—can it be true, that it was Cain—that horror of nature! who——O God! thou beholdest our wretchedness. O pardon, pardon our mourning! forgive us, that we lie lamenting in the dust like worms; (and what are we more in thy sight?) forgive us, though we prostrate ourselves in the dust, like the trampled worm, half crushed by the careless foot of the passenger.

ADAM now stood pale and motionless as the statue of Grief on a mossy tomb surrounded with funeral cypress; after which he turned to the body of his murdered son, and stooping to Eve, gently withdrew her feeble hand from the dead body, and pressed it with affection to his breast. Eve, my dear companion, awake, awake; turn thy looks on me. Cease to wash with thy tears the lifeless corpse. Sink not thus under the weight of thy sorrow. Has thy mourning for thy son
extinguished

extinguished all tenderness, all affection for me, thine husband? Turn, dear spouse, turn thy looks on me! It is just that we should feel, severely feel our loss: that the horrors of death should make us afraid: that we should lament the fatal consequences of our sin. But to be thus swallowed up by grief, thus overpowered by sorrow, is sinful. It is as if we found fault with Eternal Justice, as punishing with too much rigour. O Eve, give not way to this sinful despair, lest Divine Clemency, provoked by our obstinacy, should esteem us improper objects of consolation. Eve then turned her face from the corpse towards Adam, and raising her humid eyes to heaven, said, Forgive, O God! forgive my grief, pardon my tears! Do you, my dearest spouse, my love, my life, forgive my sorrow! my trouble is beyond all expression! yet thou still lovest me——me who tempted thee to commit the sin we now deplore. Thou hatest me not, though this frightful murder of one of thy sons by the other is the result of my transgression. Ah, Adam! let me mourn in thine arms; let me once more weep over my son's body, and mingle my tears with his blood! She then pressed her face, bathed in tears, on Adam's breast.

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THUS

THUS mourned and lamented the parents of mankind over the first dead; when Adam, casting his sorrowful eyes around, saw at a distance one of the heavenly messengers; the sweet-smelling flowers, which sprung up at each step, indicated the light pressure of his feet. His serene brow denoted peace: consolation, love and affection smiled on his lips and cheeks: and the sweetness of his eyes spoke sympathizing concern. A white garment brighter than the air, fluttered in waving folds on his beauteous form. The angel advanced towards them, while his presence gave life and refreshing verdure to the pleasant country: Eve, said Adam, raise thy head, dry thy tears, suppress thy mourning; behold one of the angels of Heaven is coming to comfort us. See with what heavenly benignity he advances! already a ray of divine consolation has darted itself into my troubled soul. Already my troubled heart has lost part of the heavy load under which it groaned. I acquiesce, O my God! in thy wise disposal; I adore thy judgment; with gratitude and love I acknowledge thy mercies. Weep no more, Eve; get up, let us meet the friendly angel.

EVE, supported by her husband, arose, and the bright spirit stood before them. He regarded

regarded with attention the first spoils of death; but soon turned his eyes on Adam and Eve, upon whose faces now shone the luminous brightness of the angel, who in a sweet and harmonious voice said, Be blest, O ye who are mourning over the spoils of death in your son! May ye be blest! The Most Merciful hath permitted me to visit you in your affliction. Among the angels who are commissioned to watch over, and minister to the inhabitants of this earth, none loved Abel more than I. I constantly attended him, when the orders of the Eternal did not oblige me to be upon other business. When his exalted soul, filled with love of holiness, vented its rapturous sensations in tears of holy joy, or in devout hymns, which the guardian spirits disdained not to repeat in their concerts, I inspired him with such sentiments of his future happiness as it was possible he could be sensible of, while united to his dust. Weep not for him; mourn not for him, like the children of Despair. He is happy. His immortal soul lives. Let this assuage your grief. Death has only removed it from a weak and diseased body. Without interruption or incumbrance, he now enjoys immortal life and happiness. His present enjoyments

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enjoyments far exceed all you can imagine, while you only see with corporeal eyes. He is with the angels and archangels before the throne of God. Yet mourn, my dear friends; he well deserved your love. Have a just sense of your loss, but let his unspeakable gain soon assuage your sorrow. You are not parted for ever. Soon shall the messenger of death visit you also——soon will you be in company with your beloved son, to part no more. The ghastly king of terrors may assume to every one of you a different form, but you ought to receive him as becomes the candidates for future happiness, and welcome him as a friend long expected. Listen, O Adam, to the command of thy God. Commit this corruptible body to its original dust: dig a hole, put it in, and cover it with earth. Thus spoke the angel, while goodness and compassion was seen in every look and every gesture. Distress fled. Despair was no more. Thus the refreshing water of a pure limpid stream restores the spent traveller, who having long traversed the scorching sands of the desert, pants with thirst, and fainting under the sun's hot beams is sinking to the earth: but no sooner has he drunk the reviving cordial, than he rests his fatigued body in peace on the brink, and feels

feels a fresh flow of spirits. He rises with new vigour, and following the river's winding course, through a fruitful country, comes at length to some hospitable mansion, whose humane owner entertains him with generous munificence under his friendly roof.

ADAM, whose soul was quieted and revived by the kind promises of his God, viewing the resplendent brightness of the angel as he withdrew, said, Accept of our grateful acknowledgments, celestial friend! Praised and magnified for ever be thy holy name, O God Most Merciful! Thy loving kindness, thy tender mercies never fail the sinner. Thou with pity and compassion dost behold our trouble: thou commandest thy heavenly messenger to enlighten our souls, and bring us comfort. No longer then will we repine and grieve: no longer will we despair, like the inhabitants of hell, who are banished from thine all-quickenng presence. We are still encompassed by thy mercy: still allowed to praise thee, to supplicate thy bounties, to adore thy wisdom, to celebrate thy goodness. Shall we then, who are so highly favoured; shall we repine and murmur at thy dispensations? We know that affliction and troubles frequently prepare thy people

for the full and compleat enjoyment of thyself in the heavenly inheritance of the saints in light. We cannot, indeed, entirely restrain our mourning for our deceased son: we must regret his being thus suddenly snatched from our company: but alas! the guilty criminal ought rather to be the object of our sorrow; the subject of our most earnest prayers. O God! what comfort would it afford us, if we might presume to hope that thy mercy had not cast him off for ever. O Merciful Creator! he unhappy—he cursed, is my first-born. Let us continue to implore the tender mercies of our God for him. We will not distrust his loving kindness: we ourselves were sinners: we were unworthy of his infinite grace; yet he has encouraged us to confide in his promises. When all trembling we expected eternal punishment, we had little hopes of mercy. But let us not defer to fulfil the commands of the Lord. I will carry this dear corpse to our dwelling, and there commit the precious dust to the earth.

O ADAM! O my love! replied Eve, my soul rises above this earthly sorrow; let me lean on thy arm, as a support to my female weakness.

ADAM now, with the assistance of his
mourning

mourning spouse, lifted the corpse on his back, and groaning under the heavy burden, moved with slow and solemn pace towards his cottage, while Eve followed in tears.



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D E A T H
O F
A B E L.

B O O K V.

NOW Thirza, whose repose had been disturbed by terrifying dreams, opened her eyes to the first beams of the morning-sun, and hastily arose from her bed. So starts up the weary traveller, who, fatigued with the scorching heat of the preceding day, had taken shelter under the clift of a rock, and is awakened from a deep sleep by his guardian angel, who forewarned him of his impending danger; and no sooner hath he made his escape, than the rock falls from
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the tremendous height, with the most dismal sound, which strikes terror into all the neighbouring country. He looks after the companion of his tiresome journey, but, alas! he is crushed to death under the ruins. Much more agitated was the wife of Abel. What terrifying dreams, said she, have disturbed my imagination while I slept! They resembled nothing in nature. Welcome, cheerful day, thou hast dispelled them. Welcome, blooming flowers, sweet objects of my attentive care; your various sweets, which the morning-sun exhales, will refresh my troubled brain; and ye warbling inhabitants of the air, your soft melody will restore serenity to my soul. I will anticipate your morning songs. I will join with re-invigorating Nature in praise of the Most High. Creator Almighty! Saviour Propitious! my soul, overwhelmed by thy goodness, can but very imperfectly express the multitude of thy benefits, and the extent of thy mercy. Thy ever-watchful eye guards thy creatures, when, covered by the midnight shades, sleep locks up their senses. May my unfeigned praises arise before thy throne, O God! Accept from a sinful worm the overflowings of a grateful soul.

SHE now came out of her bower, and walked among the opening flowers, whose

early sweets were diffused by the morning-air. My heart still throbs, said she, still anxiety is lodged in my breast. What mean these unusual fears? An inward trembling seems to shake my very soul. My mind is benighted, and very sore troubled. Where art thou, Abel? Where art thou, my spouse, dearest half of myself? I hasten, pursued by gloomy horror, to lose them in thine arms. I fly to thee with the utmost haste, as the passenger would fly, when pursued by the roaring lion.

HAVING thus spoken, she redoubled her speed, when Mahala, seeing her coming, ran from her cottage to meet her. I rejoice to see thee, my dear sister, said she; Whither art thou going in such haste, with thine hair in such disorder, and not dressed with thy usual neatness. I go, answered Thirza, to throw myself into the arms of my beloved husband. Unusual terrors have this night disturbed my repose, and my throbbing heart is still torn by sad apprehensions, which the serenity of this charming morning is not able to dispel. But though the blooming day, though the smiles of nature cannot dispel my fears, the gladdening presence of my husband shall drive them away. I therefore

therefore run to throw myself into his embraces.

THE wife of Cain replied with a mournful sigh, Happy, happy, sister! alas! I have no such sweet enjoyments. I should have no pleasure or consolation, were it not for a father who loves me, and an affectionate mother to whom I am dear; were it not for thee, my dear sister, and thy lovely husband. Yes, with you I forget part of the load of distress that Cain's discontent heaps on my miserable head. All the beauties of nature are only causes of melancholy; and he continually murmurs and repines at the labours which his fertile fields so abundantly repay. But, my dearest Thirza, above all, I lament his unnatural and causeless rage and malice against our gentle brother. Mahala now melted into tears. Thirza wept also, and then tenderly embracing her, replied, Afflicted by the same thoughts, Abel and I spend many mournful hours in bewailing his inveterate hatred. Our hopes are in the mercy of heaven. Often in sleepless nights we send our most fervent prayers to God; that a beam of his grace may disperse the melancholy clouds from his breast; that every hurtful weed may be rooted out from his heart, lest they choak all principles of brotherly

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therly love and humanity. Ah, my sister, was thy husband kind and affectionate, again peace would smile — again pleasure would bless our dwellings, and we should no longer with concern behold the brow of our venerable father wrinkled by care and anxiety, nor the eyes of our fond mother swell with tears, nor hear her plaintive cries.

MAHALA, still weeping, answered, This, O this is my most earnest desire at the throne of grace. When the earth is overspread with darkness, while all nature is asleep, I bewail in silence the horrid obstinacy of my spouse, and beseech the Lord to soften his heart. Sometimes the grief of my soul vents itself in spite of myself in sighs and tears. Then he awakes, and in a threatening voice accuses me of depriving him of sleep, the only pleasure he enjoys on this miserable earth, so severely accursed by the Powerful Avenger of sin. My dearest sister, this also distresses my mind, while my hands are employed in domestic labour. My harmless offspring playing around me observe my tears, and enquire with artless caresses, why I weep? Ah, Thirza! Thirza! I am withered with grief, like a young plant, when the thick branches of some neighbouring tree intercept from it the sun's enlivening rays.

My

My melancholy husband this very morning left our dwelling before the dawn. His looks were frightful. Never did I see such gloomy sadness on his countenance. Anger flashed from his eyes: his brows were clothed with rage. Frozen with horror, I overheard him as he went out curse the hour of his birth. This, my sister, was his thankfulness for so fine a morning. It is true, I have not lost all expectation of his amendment; for sometimes (as thou thyself hast observed) his virtue breaks through the gloom, and his mind is open to the pleasing sensations of mutual love. Then he confesses that he has injured us, asks forgiveness, and desires reconciliation. But alas! too soon this cheerfulness withdraws: as in the tempestuous days of winter the sun darts an enlivening ray, and is immediately hid from our eyes by the dark clouds. Let us hope, Thirza, that as gentle spring restores light and joy to all nature, so the heart of my discontented husband may be restored to joy and peace. For this we will constantly offer our petitions to heaven. I have always cultivated this hope in the bottom of my heart.

MAHALA remained silent, when Thirza, with surprise and trembling, cried out, What mournful sound is that?—it comes from yonder

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MAHALA remained silent, when Thirza, with surprise and trembling, cried out, What mournful sound is that?—it comes from yonder

yonder trees—is it not the cry of pain—from yonder trees——O my sister!—Mahala!—alas! it comes nearer—O my God—Thirza was now sinking to the ground, but her frightened sister supported her in her arms.

ADAM, with trembling legs, was coming from behind the trees, bowing under the sad load of his son's lifeless corpse, and Eve was walking by his side. Sometimes she turned her face, disordered with grief, towards the body, then hid it under her hair drowned in tears.

THIRZA continued pale and without motion in the trembling arms of Mahala, who was herself ready to sink under the weight of her whom she endeavoured to support. Thus three lovely virgins (but none ever felt such fond affection) in a summer's evening, walk hand in hand over the blooming fields. Suddenly the thunder roars, the rapid lightening tears the earth under their feet: terrified they fall; but soon recovering from their surprize, two of them get up, the third burns to ashes. The survivors are struck with new horrors more dreadful than those caused by the thunder.

THIS was the condition of the two daughters of Adam, when a little recovering,

ing, they observed the corpse of him they loved. The afflicted father had laid it on the grass, and was supporting in his arms his fainting wife, who, overcome by grief, was near falling to the earth. Where am I? cried Thirza. O my God! where am I?—How he lies!—Abel—Why did I awake? Distressing light!—Ah unhappy that I am!—Mahala!—Ah me miserable!—See, see, my dear sister, he lies dead!—Intolerable sight!—Shocking light, to discover such a melancholy prospect! Why did I awake!

THIRZA, cried Mahala in a tremulous voice, let us not give way to vain fears—to me—to me also the idea is terrifying as the forked lightning—Ah! she again faints—awake, Thirza—awake—let us go to him. He is not dead: thy voice, thy caresses will awake him from sleep.

AFTER they had done speaking, the two sisters, leaning on each other, with trembling limbs went towards the body. Oh, my dear father! Oh, my dear mother! how they weep!—What dreadful terror seizes me! cried Thirza, as she approached near the corpse. Abel!—Abel! my beloved!—my joy!—my life!—my husband!—awake. Ah inexpressible woe! he awakes not!—
Abel!

Abel!—hear my mournful cries, the complaints of thy distressed wife.—She then cast herself on the body to embrace it with extended arms, but at the sight of the blood, and the fatal wound, she giving a terrible shriek, fell on the earth, without a sign of life, pale and cold as he was whom she lamented. Despair was seen in her sorrowful eyes. Near her sat on the ground Mahala dissolved in tears: wringing her hands, she sometimes raised her weeping eyes to heaven; sometimes she fixed them with eager attention on the murdered body.

ADAM, whose great sorrow was augmented by the grief of his daughters, endeavoured to condole with them. O my dearest children! O Thirza! O Mahala! said he; would to God that my pain could keep distance from the hearts of those I love: but, my beloved, hear me; hearken to the soft words of consolation. While your mother Eve and I were weeping over this dear body, an angel, arrayed in beauty, came to us. He was sent from the Most High to soothe our sorrows, and comfort us. Weep not, said he; be consoled: he whom you mourn for still lives: he has only left his frail cloathing of dust. Discharged from a mortal body, his soul is more happy than you can conceive, while

while your souls are embodied in their earthly covering. Ye are not parted for ever: in a little time ye shall meet again: ye shall enjoy with him rivers of pleasure, of which your corporeal senses can have no idea. Let us not, my Thirza—let us not, Mahala, disturb the funeral of the happy by our inconsolable lamentations—Let us not offend the Almighty by our despair.

THIRZA still remained motionless; while the wife of Cain, lifting up her joined hands above her head, thus expressed her grief. O my father, why do you find fault with our tears? Can we forbear to mourn, while he lies before our eyes extended, cold, and dead? O thou our pleasure, our joy! O Abel, thou art lost to us, and our sweetest employment will be to weep and mourn for thee till the hour of our death. Yes, thou art in the possession of never-ending happiness and glory: thou enjoyest all the happiness thy holy soul so ardently desired: thou wilt for ever join with the angels in their songs of praise to the Most High. We too hope to partake of thy happiness when our all-merciful God shall call us from this mortal state, this house of sorrow, made more melancholy by thy loss. Ah, Abel! ah, my brother! thou art lost to us, and our
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most delightful employment will be to weep for thee till the desired hour of death. Where art thou, Cain, my husband!—where wert thou when my brother died! Hadst thou even then given him the kind embrace, and begged his forgiveness, with what affection would he have cast his dying arms around thee! Though dying, he would have blessed and prayed for thee the Divine forgiveness with his dying lips. What a sweet relief would this remembrance have been to thy sorrows! How would it have assuaged the griefs of thy future days! But—O my dear mother, what new distress makes thine eyes stream with tears? O my father, speak—speak, I desire thee—why is this horror on thy countenance?—No answer! O my tormented heart!—Where—say where, O my father—say, O my mother, where is Cain, my husband?

EVE answered, O my child! who knows where, pursued by Divine vengeance—Ah my God!—he unhappy—but what do I say?—I tremble to speak it—he—he—ah me, unhappy mother! Horrid—detestable ideas, rend not my wretched bosom! Ah miserable parent that I am! why—he—Ah my mother, interrupted Mahala, spare me not—spare me not, I intreat thee, O my mother!

mother! On me—on me let the tempest fall. I am already terrified—already torn by frightful apprehensions. Cain——O heavens! Cain has killed him! cried Eve. Ah Mahala! Ah Thirza! Cain murdered him! Her extraordinary grief then bereft her of the power of speech.

MAHALA was struck dumb with horror. Her fixed eyes shed no tears. The cold sweat trickled down her wan cheeks, and her trembling lips were blackened. At length she cried out in agony, He kill Abel! —Cain, my husband, kill his brother!—Where art thou, murderer? Where, Oh where has thy guilt driven thee?——Dost thou cease to live? Where art thou, most wretched? To what country of misery art thou fled, followed by the curse of God? Thus raved Mahala, tearing her hair.

HORRID fratricide! vile murderer! exclaimed Thirza; how couldst thou kill so affectionate a brother; who doubtless, when dying under thy cruel hand, loved thee? Ah, Cain, cursed—cursed be——O my sister!——O Thirza, cried Mahala, interrupting her, curse him not, he is thy brother——he is my husband: rather let us intreat for him the mercies of God. I am sure, when wallowing in his blood,
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the holy victim of his fury cast on him an eye of pity; and I doubt not but now intercedes for him before the eternal throne. Let your prayers ascend from the dust, and join those of the happy. O curse him not, Thirza—curse not thy brother.

To what height will the excess of my grief hurry me? answered Thirza. I did not curse him, my sister. I have not cursed the unhappy. Then reclining on the corpse, she saluted the bloody cheeks, the cold and pale lips. She continued motionless, indulging fruitless sorrow. At length she cried, with a faint and faltering tongue, It would have given me greater satisfaction, my beloved, had I at thy death kissed thy trembling lips, and heard the last expressions of thy love; seen thy tender look, and received thy last embrace. Oh that I had then died encircled in thine arms!—but alas! I am left a prey to inexpressible sorrow. Every object that used to please me will now increase my woes. Ye shady groves, ye now are desolate; ye can now only inspire me with terror. I shall think you inquire for him, who, in your sweet retreats, used to salute me in tender rapture. The murmuring springs will make inquiry, what is become of my beloved? Left desolate I
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can no more partake of joy; all the beauties of nature now yield no pleasure. Alas! no more I see with fond pleasure him that made all lovely. I shall indeed still see him; but, O distressing sight! I shall see those pale cheeks, these fixed and blind eyes, this clot-
ted blood, this dreadful wound. Flow, flow, my tears, for ever flow on this wan face. What beauty once was seen on this pale countenance! all the graces of oratory dwelt on those cold and stiffened lips. Every beauty, every perfection, shone in his lovely form; but his soul, too pure, too holy to be a companion for mortals, and to entertain me, is fled for ever. Flow my eyes, flow without ceasing on this lifeless corpse, till my mourning soul leaves its dust with his.

THUS lamented Thirza, while her tears flowed on the body. Eve's grief was augmented by the sorrow of her daughters. My dearest children, she cried, cease, I desire you, cease thus to tear my heart. Your tears, your sighs and groans increase my pain; they are to me the most cutting reproaches. It is I, it is I who have filled the hearts of those I loved with anguish. My sin, my guilt has ruined us all. I alas! introduced sin and death. Forgive me, O my children, forgive your distressed mother: I conjure you by
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the pains I suffered in bringing you into the world, to forgive me. Cease to afflict my heart by your immoderate sorrow. Mahala and Thirza ran to her; they hung on her knees, and, with looks of dutiful affection, said, O our mother, our dearest mother! who brought us forth with pain! whose affectionate care guarded us in helpless infancy, aggravate not our sorrows by thy despair. We did not design our complaints to throw reflections on thee, our dear, our affectionate mother. We love, we revere, we honour thee, but we cannot forbear expressing our grief; it will burst from our bosoms and eyes in sighs and tears. How can we refrain these expressions of a love the most tender? They are the voice of nature.

THEY still clasped their mother's knees, while their flowing eyes were tenderly fixed on her's, when Adam said, O my beloved, let us no longer delay to restore this precious dust to the earth, as the Lord our God hath ordered. The healing hand of time will abate our grief, and dry our tears. Submission to the Divine Will will teach us to conquer this immoderate sorrow. We shall desire ardently to partake of his happiness in the next world, as the virgin wishes for the day that is to join her to her beloved husband.

band. Yes, commit this dear body to its mother earth, replied Thirza, turning her pale and wan face to Adam; but suffer me, O father! to shed tears a little longer, ere it be hid for ever, on the dear, the precious body; suffer me once more to press the cold clay to my throbbing breast. Having thus spoken, she threw herself with extended arms on the pale corpse.

ADAM now began to dig a grave in the earth, while Eve and Mahala stood weeping near him. When brown-hair'd Eliel and little Jofiah, Cain's two infant sons, approached hand in hand to the spot where the body lay. Brother—Jofiah—said Eliel, who is it that sobs so loud? Let us go nearer, brother. Ah, that is Abel!—it is Abel, our uncle!—How pale he is!—His hair is all bloody—He is extended like a lamb going to be burnt on the altar.—My dear Eliel, replied Jofiah, see how Thirza weeps for him! He does not mind her tears!—He does not observe her!—I am terribly frightened—Let us run to our mother.—See she weeps too! They now hastened to Mahala, on the other side of the grave, and clinging about her, said, O mother, why do you weep? Why does Abel lie there? Why is he all bloody like a lamb for sacrifice? Mahala embraced the infants with

with tendernefs, while their tears ran on their little cheeks, and faid, *My dear babes, death has removed his foul from his body ; it is carried up to Heaven, to live there with God and his angels, where it will be for ever happy.* Then he will wake no more, replied Eliel, burfting into tears : *He will never awake——never ! He that loved us fo affectionately, and ufed to dandle us on his knee, and tell Jofiah and me fuch fine ftories about God, the angels, and the beauties of nature. Ah brother ! Ah Jofiah ! we fhall never more hear Abel fing divine fongs : he will talk no more to us——he will never, never awake.* How our father will weep for him, when he comes from the field !——How pale, how frightful ! The furprifed children now hid their faces under their mother's apron.

THE grave being finifhed, Adam faid, *Rife, Thirza, rife, my beloved daughter ; let us obey the command of God, and return the duft to its mother earth. Rife, my Thirza,* he continued, and tenderly took her hand, to raife her from the corpf. She had fallen into a trance upon the body of her hufband, and imagined ſhe ſaw him in heaven. When ſhe came to herfelf, ſhe cried, *I have ſeen him ſhining in heavenly luſtre.* Lament

not

not for me, said he, my dear Thirza. I am happy; soon shalt thou partake of my bliss in the realms of light and glory, where there is no death to separate us. At these words he disappeared, having cast on me a celestial smile, and a shining light marked the traces of his feet. She having said this, a heavenly joy shone on her visage. Bury, O my dear father, bury, said she, this covering of clay: and after that went to her mother and sister. They all three covered their faces with their disordered hair, while Adam wrapped in skins the body of his son. He laid it in the grave, and covered it with earth; and then said, My dear wife and beloved children, praise the Most High before this grave of the first dead. They now all kneeled down before the grave, Eliel and his brother prostrating themselves on each side of their mother; and Adam in a loud voice, with his arms devoutly folded on his breast, thus prayed to God.

O THOU who dwellest in light inaccessible, and full of glory, God! Creator! Preserver! who keepest mercy for thousands, infinite in justice, goodness, and truth: behold us prostrate before the grave of our beloved son. We sinners kneel before thee in the dust. O may our prayer come up to thy celestial

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lestial throne. Look with an eye of pity on us, O God, in this valley of tears, this abode of sin. Our iniquities are great, but thine infinite mercy is still greater. We are unholy in thy sight. Thou beholdest our impurities, yet thou hast not turned thy mercy from us; thou still condescendest to look on us in our wretchedness with a pitying eye: thou permittest us to call on thee. Thou hast not forsaken the sinner. Perpetual praises be to thee. All thy works, O God, give thee praise. All the beauties of nature, the splendour of the heavens, shew forth thy goodness. When thou utterest the voice of thy thunder, the rattling hail, the blustering storms speak thy power. The countenance of joy glorifies thee. The lamentations of grief also praise thy justice. We have beheld the offspring of sin. Frightful Death! he has come to our habitation in a ghastly form. Sin led him by the hand. The earth groaned, and furious storms gathered round the direful pair. The first fruit of my body——Ah, I tremble!——My first-born has embued his hands in his brother's blood. O God merciful and gracious! though I presume to address thee for him, turn not thy countenance from me. O God of mercy, cast him not off for ever. When
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he repents in the dust for his offences, when he is confounded at his crime, when overwhelmed by torturing sorrow, he mourns, he laments, and prostrates himself with deep humiliation before thee, O my God, look with a commiserating eye on his distress: have pity on his despair, and remove his anguish by thy divine consolations. O my sin-pardoning God! cast him not off for ever. Reject not, O God, reject not the humble petition! May our prayers and our cries come up before the throne of thy mercy, from this grave of our dear son. We have, according to thy command, restored the perishing dust to the earth, in sure and certain hopes of a glorious resurrection, and being employed in singing hallelujah's in thy heavenly kingdom. We shall also follow him, and must encounter this last enemy, Death; and have the cold grave for a resting-place: but adorned by thy loving kindness and tender mercies, we shall also follow him to the regions of immortality and bliss. O thou who createdst the heavens! at whose command this world arose from nothing! they shall perish, the heavens shall wax old, and like a vesture shalt thou change them; but thou art eternal. We dwell in houses of clay. This earthly house of our tabernacle shall be dissolved:

solved : we shall have a building with the Eternal in the heavens. Thou wilt gather thy elect from the four corners of the earth, to bestow on them eternal day and angelic purity : for——O joyful promise ! the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. Shout for joy, O earth ! Sing forth the praises of the Most High : let all nature praise him. We will praise his name in the midst of trouble. We have fallen : we have lost our original dignity : but glory be to God, he hath not cast us off——he hath not rejected us for ever : his mercy beholds the work of his hands from his seat of judgment. We fell whom God created upright ; yet when after our fatal transgression, full of anguish and distress, we stood trembling in fearful expectation of an eternal curse,——and what less could we expect !——the Almighty (let men and angels celebrate the glorious mystery) pronounced, That the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. O sublime mystery !—unsearchable mercy ! wrapt in holy security, which no finite being can think on, without being full of divine consolation. The sinner is reconciled to God : the offender is restored to peace and hope. Shall man then mourn in the dust ? Shall he lament without hope, if the dream of life is
chequered

checkered with joy and sorrow? Death will soon break the shackles of the soul, and free it from the consequences of a just curse. Then those who, while cloathed in dust, were in humility, who were renewed by Almighty grace, shall be assembled together, in the mansions on high, to enjoy there incessant felicity.—I see them! by an eye of faith, the whole assembly are present to my view, numerous beyond computing, pure as the flame which descends on the sacred altar! They stand joining angels before the throne. They behold the face of God. They delight in his goodness. Heavenly vision! Enchanting prospect! How is my soul raised! How is my heart enlarged! Raptures before unknown! O infinite goodness! Grace inexpressible! Lost in thy immensity, the highest of the angelical host can but imperfectly express his happiness; man can—only enjoy them.

ADAM gave over speaking; but continued in profound admiration, prostrate on the earth: his family kneeling at his side. Nature herself was hushed in silence; all was calm; not a cloud was seen through the expanse of heaven.

Now came on mild evening, clad in crimson, while every breeze was silent. During

this perfect serenity, Cain, pursued by guilt, was filled with fear, horror, remorse, and hellish madness. He wandered from place to place. He roved in the desert, and being spent with fatigue, he sat down, looking on the bright moon, and thus the voice of his madness disturbed the peaceful silence that reigned over all nature. There at the back of that dark hill the moon begins her course, spreading a glimmering light around. All under the heavens draw new life from animating sleep; man only wakes. From his dwelling my accursed hand has driven peace and rest. The voice of trouble and mourning ascends from the cottages. It is I——It is I, wretched I, who have brought affliction to their abodes. The piercing cries and lamentations of my bewailing parents rise to heaven as so many accusations against me. This dreadful—this accursed day—hear it, O Moon! turn dark, and hide thy rays—Observe it, ye stars! and remain in darkness——This day has the earth received the blood of the first murdered, shed by my unmerciful hand. Henceforth withhold your pleasant influences, bright orbs of light; I am miserable on the ground I tread, banished from the social face of man. Hide me from myself—O hide me in the blackest darkness.

darkness. I have imbrued my hands in my brother's blood. I have wounded the heart of him that begat me. I have filled with distress the breast of her who brought me forth, and dandled me on her knees. Hide me from the eyes of God and nature; I have trampled on their dictates. I will fly—fly with despair, sad companion! to some desert region, where nothing but misery dwells. I will live among rocks and frightful precipices, where putrid water drops from the steeps into the boggy abodes of poisonous reptiles; where birds of prey build their nests; where ravenous beasts eat up their bloody provender. Alas! even these will detest me; they murder no brothers! Cover me, darkness, from the chearing sunbeams; cover me, some horrid gloom, from the sight of every creature; there let me be tormented for my cruelty; there bellow out my despair. When sleep overcomes me, terror will haunt my frightened imagination. I shall see my murdered brother: I shall behold his wounded head—his clotted blood.

In this manner Cain bewailed his wretchedness; after which he sat overwhelmed with black sorrow. No bird of night was heard in that awful stillness; terrified with sounds of human misery, they fled

in silence: a horrible murmur only floated through the air. Again he vents his grief; and throwing his melancholy eyes about him, he cries, have pity upon me, ye woods; mourn for me, ye fields: no words can describe my anguish, and pity is due to my wretchedness. O Nature, decked in beauty, grieve for me!—for me, lost to joy and happiness. Lament for me, each creature; ye taste, ye feel the chearing presence of a merciful God, to me no longer merciful. I feel his anger: I am terrified at his power; he is to me a God of terror, the just revenger of my brother's blood: for ever will it call for vengeance on my head. My punishment is greater than I can bear.

HE became motionless for some time; then, with a deep groan, he said, I weep! Can such an abominable murderer as I shed tears? Welcome, softning drops, ye alleviate my miseries. The despair which had seized my soul is changed to supplicating prayers—to weeping sorrow. Ah! flow rivers of tears! receive them, O earth, I am cursed on thy face: thou hast sucked in my brother's blood: yet O receive these tears, that shew my inexpressible misery!—What fresh emotions!—how my heart is softened!—My
tears

tears run faster—Yes, they flow while darkness hides me from every eye. I will return to the habitations of my distressed parents, and visit poor disconsolate Thirza. I will return to them all, and once more implore their blessing; for would I bless them, the angry winds would disperse the salutations as they came from my polluted lips. Ah murderer! canst thou bestow a blessing, thyself accursed? I will however go, and strive to condole with them in their distress: I will mourn before them, in the dust, and be sorry for my guilt; and then—yes, then I fly for ever from their sorrowful eyes. I will fly from thee, Mahala: I will fly for ever from my tender offspring. Heavy groans now supplied the place of words, and he walked towards the cottages, tears watering the lonely way.

IN his road he came past a small grove, planted by the hand of Abel near the spring. Cain then called to mind, that his brother, when he had finished this work, had said, with tender affection, Grow, ye trees! spread wide your boughs; may ye for ever flourish, that under your cooling shade our children may, in chearful conversation, acquaint their offspring what they shall be taught by us, saying, Here our first parent was delivered of

her first-born; here with tenderness she nursed him, and soothed his infant cries: He was the first comfort in her sad banishment: Here she surveyed him with unexpressible joy. She named him Cain, saying, from the hand of the Lord have I received thee. Cain hastened from this monument of his brother's tenderness with a rapid pace. A cold sweat covered his downcast face; his trembling knees could hardly bear up his body. Thus at the sight of his father's tomb, trembles the horrid parricide, who, with a murdering intention, had invited his aged sire, coming from the field, to refresh himself with deadly poison. When he passes the grave, the rustling of the trees which surround it, the sweet smell of the flowers with which his dutiful sisters have bedecked the tomb, raise a frightful hurricane in his guilty heart.

WHEN he had passed the terrifying grove, and drew near the cottages, the silver moon shone on them with a pale light through the trees, and a profound gloomy silence reigned around. He cast his weeping eyes on the disconsolate dwellings; he raised his eyes and lifted up his hands to heaven; he wrung them in horror and despair. Conscious guilt now affected his softened heart. Trembling and astonished he stood amidst the gloomy

gloomy stillness; after which he uttered, in a low voice, this mournful soliloquy: How quiet deep sorrow rests here!—Ah, those groanings!—They come from the dwellings of those once peaceful and happy inhabitants—those once cheerful mansions. Here, struck with horror, in this darkness, stands the wretch who has made you the habitations of sorrow—Here, followed by extreme terrors, trembles in obscurity he who has drawn from the abodes of those who gave him life, pleasure, felicity, and joy, with every domestic sweet; to breathe the air which conveys the plaintive mournings of my dear parents, my beloved wife, my affectionate sister, and now a disconsolate widow, is too much for such a wretch as me. I shall contaminate the air in which you breathe. O that I could fly in this gloom of night, that I may not pollute it with my infected breath. O that all that misery which you now groan and labour under, may be fixed in my guilty breast, that I alone may endure the punishment due to my atrocious crimes: May your peace never be disturbed by my guilt.

AFTER he had done speaking, he remained still near the cottages. He sighed, he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, when he heard

the footsteps of one coming with a slow pace through the darkness. A cold trembling, like the pangs of death, seized his limbs. He endeavoured to fly, but he could not. He strove, but in vain. He fell down trembling amongst the trees, without strength.

SLEEP had forsaken the eyes of Thirza this first night of her widowhood, and she left her lonely bed. She left her habitation, and went to the grave of her dear husband, where throwing herself on the ground, she watered the earth that covered him. She viewed with uplifted eyes the starry firmament; then looking upon the grave, said, Here lies all that made life desirable in this world. All my pleasure, all my joy, lies in this loathsome grave, which is now watered with my tears. Sleep has forsaken my wearied eye-lids: no rest remains for me. Flow on, flow on, my tears; ye are my only consolation. My dull hours shall be spent in lamenting the want of my dearest Abel. My future days shall be spent in weeping near the dear remains, and in mourning, notwithstanding I have seen a vision of thee—seen thee arrayed in the bright raiment of the angelic world, yet I am deprived of thy dear company. I feel none of thy tenderness. The remainder of my life shall

shall be spent in mournings and melancholy lamentations. I in vain tried to rest on the marriage bed; my sleep left me; I almost expired while the dear pledge of our love lay by me, locked in the arms of sweet repose. The dear innocent smiled in his soft slumbers. Alas! he is not yet acquainted with the miseries of mankind!—he is not sensible of his own irreparable loss. Ah, my dear infant; I mourn over thy misfortune, for ever deprived of an affectionate father, a director of thy childhood, an instructor of thy youth, and the friend of thy maturity. Thy distressed mother, become a prey to sore troubles, overcome by heart-piercing grief, will want the strength—will want the prudence to make up thy loss. O my child, how are we distressed! How is the comfort of our lives fled from us! Unsupportable reflection! Murdered by the hand of a brother! Where is he? Where is the abominable wretch? Where has his madness——where has his diabolical spirit driven him? O thou most merciful God, despise not my prayers, turn not from my supplications, while with the utmost unwearied fervency I implore thy mercy for him. Hear him, O God of Compassion, when he cries to thee from the earth—when in deep
contrition

contrition and sincere repentance, he bewails his crime, and begs thy merey and forgiveness.

HER deep contrition of soul now overcame her. When she had recovered her exhausted spirits, she raised her weeping eyes to heaven, and said, O thou silver moon ! often hast thou been witness to our chaste endearments ; often hast thou heard his heavenly and sublime conversation, when he praised God for promising a Redeemer. Thou now canst only shed thy light on his cold grave. Buried in this earth lies every thing that was dear in nature : the consolation, the hope, the joy of his now mournful parents. Here sleeps, not to awake till the trumpet's joyful sound in the morning of the resurrection, my love, my life, my dearest husband ! She now gave up herself to silent grief. At length, looking on the objects that surrounded her, she fixed her weeping eyes on the delightful inclosure where she and her dear husband used to pass their most agreeable hours. Ah charming bower, she said, thou now art lonely : in vain the sickly moon pierces thy fragrant shades. The remembrance of my dear's sincere prayers, his love, his humble confidence, his assured trust in the Divine promises, his aspirations after more resemblance

semblance to his all-merciful Creator, which every setting sun was witness to, shall now dispel this gloom from my mind, as the rising sun drives off the mists from the benighted earth. O my beloved! in yonder bower sincerely has thy soul been raised up in the contemplation of God, and in joyful expectation of immortal happiness. I am ready now to catch the divine fire, when I think of his delightful conversation, when we used to walk hand in hand meditating on the glorious works of the all-merciful Creator. With what sincere gratitude should our souls be filled, would he say, when we are assured of our Almighty Father's constant protection! He has given his angels charge over us during our pilgrimage here, and assured us that we shall at last triumph over Death, knowing that this king of terrors shall only relieve us from our earthly prison, and shall land us in Immanuel's pleasant kingdom, where all sorrow is for ever banished. O my dearest, cried he, if I be called hence before thee, let thy grief be moderated; mourn not long over my cold clay. What are the years of this transitory life, compared with endless eternity? We shall meet again in the realms of purity and love, to part no more. My dearest Abel, I
answered,

answered, my tears flowing, if God should call me first, let me conjure thee by all that's tender, give not way to immoderate sorrow, but remember the time draws fast on when we shall be re-united, and we shall join the heavenly choir. Ravishing are the promised delights awaiting us in the heavenly mansions. We shall live for ever, and never more be separated. These delightful meditations shall raise my mind above all the miseries of this mortal state. If thy heaven-born soul be permitted to visit the abodes of mortals, thou wilt be delighted to know that thy precepts have had force to enable me to bear up under our cruel separation. I will endeavour to banish this fruitless grief; I will give over weeping on thy cold grave; but I will erect a monument to thy memory; round thy tomb will I plant a grove of yews, under whose mournful shade I will employ my hours of devotion, and will anticipate that happy moment when my spirit shall meet my beloved; when, like him, I shall be removed from this sinful body, and shall for ever be set above the fears of dying any more. This delightful prospect has abated my sorrow. She now arose from the grave, but instantly cried, falling on her knees, O
terrible

terrible reflection, our brother killed him! O God of mercy, hear my prayers; have pity on the miserable murderer; hear his cries, and let his pitiful moans come up before thee; destroy him not in thine anger; save him, O gracious God, from going down to the pit of destruction; my wrestling soul shall never give over intreating for him: in the morning shalt thou hear my cry, and the setting sun shall be witness to my supplications; for notwithstanding his crimes, he is still my brother.

CAIN overcome with frantic madness, lay among the trees. Fly, said he to himself, leave the holy dwellings, thou hellish monster!—Alas! I cannot run away; I am surrounded with diabolical horrors—Leave me, devils, leave me—Carry me, trembling feet, from this seat of piety. I profane the sacred place: Alas! I cannot go; my strength leaves me; a cold quaking has seized my limbs—Oh that these were the last agonies of nature! Unhappy that I am, I live to feel more grievous pains. How her mournful complaints pierce my soul! O religion, how great are thy consolations!—all lost—for ever lost to me. I am without hope; I have sinned beyond pardon. Ah! she prays! she sheds tears for me! for me who have
filled

filled her heart with anguish—Exemplary goodness! Ought she not rather to call down damnation on my guilty head?—O tormenting thought! Her virtue, her piety increases my despair. My miseries are greater than I can bear. My crime appears in all its magnitude. Not the fallen angels in the bottom of hell endure more misery. Thou pray for me, Thirza!—Thy kind prayers are all superfluous.—No, God will not answer thy prayers—he is just, as well as merciful—Now she goes away from the grave of her husband killed by my hand. Dare I go the same road?—dare I weep on the marks made by her feet?—No—Retire, barbarous murderer!—Retire from the holy spot. Run, murderer, run.

AFTER he gave over speaking, he ran away with rapid motion; but suddenly stopping, he said, O Mahala! how can I abandon thee!—How can I run away from thee for ever, O my children! I will lament and mourn for my crime before you—before thee, Mahala. It may be thou art now weeping for my wickedness—Perhaps thou wilt love me still.—But what do I say? cursed of God, who will dare to love me?—No, hate me, abominate me: I deserve it—then I fly, despised by all, branded with the curse

curse of God, and deserted by all nature. Misery extreme! Pain insupportable! I have no strength to fly—I come, I come, my dearest Mahala, to lament with thee my guilt and misery. I will mourn at thy feet—I will implore thee to forgive my having drove peace from thy mind, and filled thy days with anguish. Then—yes, then—I fly from thee, my disconsolate wife—I fly from you, my dear offspring.

CAIN now went at a distance from the grave, and came towards his cottage. He often stopped, as irresolute. At length he came to his habitation, but stood long without, quaking and trembling; then with tottering step he entered.

MAHALA was reclined on her disconsolate bed, looking with streaming eyes at the moon, more dark herself than that orb when covered with clouds. Her children were crying round her. At the sight of Cain she gave a heart-piercing shriek, and fell back on the bed without motion. The affrighted infants grasped the knees of Cain; saying, O my father, help our dear mother! Her spirits fail! She is faint with weeping for Abel—he is dead!—Adam has buried him in the ground. Why was you so long in coming home? You have laboured very late.

late. Dear father, comfort our mother. Astonished and overcome by the conflict of his tumultuous passions, Cain could return no answer to the little harmless creatures: he embraced them; he enclosed them in his arms, while his tears fell on their little faces. Then, unable to support his misery, he fell on the earth at the feet of his wife. The children now cried with a loud voice, which awakened Mahala from her fainting. She saw her distressed husband on the earth. O Cain! Cain! she cried in the utmost desperation, tearing her disordered hair. Mahala, cried Cain, my dear Mahala, pardon me—pardon the murderer of thy brother, and allow me for this time to weep on thy neck; this once let me prostrate myself in the dust before thee. I must insist that thou allow me this small favour—this last alleviation of a misery that has no equal; only do not curse me. Curse me not, O Mahala! I come to mourn before thee my misery and guilt: after which I fly from thee, never to return. I will hide me in the lonely desert. Cursed of God, pursued by his wrath, I fly. Oh reproach me not, curse not thy wretched husband.

SHE replied, overcome with the softest pity, O Cain! though thou hast murdered the
best

best of brothers—though thou hast brought insupportable troubles, inexpressible pain on my miserable head, yet I am not unmindful that thou art still my husband. I sympathize, I mourn for thee. Cain replied, throwing on her a look of affection,—a look in which was seen the bitter anguish of his heart, Cruel moment, when the devil deluded my sleeping fancy, and in a vision deceived me! These dear children appeared before me as slaves to the children of Abel. To rescue them from slavery and bondage, I murdered him.—Curfed moment! I killed the dearest of brothers, and the execrable deed will for ever haunt my troubled mind, and fill it with infernal horrors. My punishment is everlasting: yet, O Mahala, I would escape thy reproaches: curse me not, my affectionate wife—upbraid me not in my troubles: this hour I fly—I abandon thee for ever.—I leave you for ever, my dearest children!—I fly from you, cursed by God and man.

ALL his children lamented and hung round him. They lifted their innocent hands in deep distress. Mahala sunk down on the earth, and leaning on her husband, said, O Cain, abandon me not! O do not leave me! Can you make any doubt of my granting thee

thee forgiveness and pardon? Do not fly from me; I will accompany thee in the lonely desert, to soothe thy melancholy hours. If thou leavest me, I shall be in continual fears for thy life; and should blame myself, wert thou to be attacked by death, and none to succour thee in thy last agonies. How would my tender heart for ever reproach me! and I should spend the remainder of my life in disconsolate woe. After she had done speaking, Cain, as one astonished with surprise, cried, This is certainly the voice of some celestial being, or I am in a dream again. Can it be possible that my lovely, my virtuous, my affectionate wife, should address her miserable husband in this manner! O what balm dost thou pour into my tormented soul! How have thy kind words softened my despair! I am now satisfied that thou dost not hate me: but it shall not be said that the heaven-born Mahala shall suffer with her guilty husband. The wrath of God abides still upon me. I am driven from the face of man. But do thou abide in this peaceful habitation, blessed with divine influences from above. Let my remembrance be blotted out from thy pure mind. I must wander as a fugitive cast out from converse both with God and man.

Mahala

Mahala answered, No, Cain, I will accompany thee in thy solitude and thy sufferings. If thou be miserable, I cannot be happy. I will follow thy fortune to whatever distant region thou mayst be driven. I will accompany thee. When thou art afflicted with fore distress, I will soothe thy troubles, and lull thy anxious cares to rest upon my peaceful bosom. Our little offspring shall accompany us. Their innocent prattle will alleviate our distresses. We and they will constantly supplicate the Divine mercy and benignity, and we will wrestle with the Almighty, who will never suffer his supplicating creatures to pray in vain. In due time he will remove those gloomy fears that haunt and torment thy breast. A ray of heavenly light shall enlighten thy dark mind, and we at last shall be happy.

O MAHALA, said Cain, what enchanting words are these, that I hear pronounced by thy angelic voice! A heavenly ray already accompanies them, and I find a sweet serenity diffused all over my soul. Thou art a heavenly messenger sent from the realms of bliss. My dearest wife, I cannot find words to express what I feel. Let me incircle thee in these arms, and press thee to my bosom. O my dearest! thou art altogether lovely! After

ter which he tenderly embraced his little offspring, then again clasped his beloved wife in his arms.

THEY now began their journey, the affectionate and trusty Amazonian mother encouraging her little offspring. She laid her youngest child to her breast. Cain took another one by the hand, and led him along, while the two eldest, Eliel and Josiah, full of vivacity, with innocence and delight ran before them.

THEY left their habitation. Mahala, with streaming eyes, took a last farewell of the dwelling of their dear parents. O may the divine blessing, said she, rest on your once happy, but now disconsolate abode. I shall return again from our habitation once more to enjoy your instructive company and conversation, and to have the blessing of your prayers for me—for my dear afflicted partner. I will supplicate with the utmost ardour for his pardon. A tender, affectionate, and dutiful passion had now so much overcome her that she seemed irresolute, when her invisible guide filled the air with the most delightful aromatic perfumes, and shed a bright light around them. At the same time they heard an angelic voice, saying, Go, heroic wife, follow the fugitive: I will,

will, in a night-vision, inform thy dear parents of thy superlative goodness, and tell thy tender mother, that thou art continually employed in supplicating the Divine clemency and forgiveness for thy guilty husband.

THEY then lost sight of their former dwellings, and were conducted by the light of the pale moon into lonely regions, which none of the race of men had then inhabited.

F I N I S.



